



RATING WARNING:

ONLY MEANT FOR 18+ READERS

**THIS ANTHOLOGY CONTAINS ROUGH LANGUAGE, ADULT THEMES, AND
OCCASIONAL GRAPHIC SEXUAL CONTENT. YOU'VE BEEN WARNED**

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Dedication

RIP to David Bowie, the one man who might just be a companion of the Doctor, if not the Doctor himself.

RIP to Prince. You were, and you are, a passionate, brilliant, musician.

RIP to Elisabeth Sladen. Your character, Sarah Jane Smith, actually stood her own alongside the Fourth Doctor, and developed into her own person, as you did. You will be missed, and I hope you got a comfy seat in the Nethersphere

1st Foreword

Hello, I'm the Editor. Well, the second one. The previous Editor went insane (see 2nd Foreword), and I've had to cover for him.

This book is a labor of questionable love from the /who/ general thread on 4chan. We're an odd bunch, a gaggle of misfits brought together by our love (and hate) of Doctor Who. For those who don't know, Doctor Who is a sci fi show about a nigh-immortal alien time traveler who regenerates into a new form every time s/he dies. The Doctor always bring companions, and appears to have an uncontrollable need to help people, and defeat evildoers, wherever he goes. He travels in a time machine, that's disguised in the form of a police box, called the TARDIS.

(If you're confused by any of this, watch Doctor Who on Netflix—oh crap, BBC took it off Netflix. Well, then, watch it on Amazon Plus.)

Anyway, Doctor Who had a proud tradition of short story anthologies called Short Trips, featuring the Doctor, as well as his companions. Those were discontinued. However, they stay in our memory (and torrent websites.)

Shit Trips: Vol 1 is /who/'s homage to the Short Trips. All these stories are made by people who post in /who/, and carries the mark of Who fan, namely being extremely nerdy. Read, and enjoy. Or don't. Who knows?

(This is completely unaffiliated with the BBC or Virgin Publishing, or Obverse.)

And I repeat: these stories are sometimes graphic, in terms of sex, language and violence. Do not read unless you are above 18!

And whatever you do, don't read The Stone Revolution entry while eating.

The Previous Editor's Foreword

I couldn't do it in the end. I tried to edit, I really did.

But the Stone Revolution...it has broken me. All I see is visions of the man with the patchwork coat, sinking himself into the pie...

I tried going to therapy. The visions stayed. I can smell the pie...

I quit this job. The stories broke me. Surely someONE else can do the job.

I must go now. I can hear the chants of “Mongo loves candy” now...

And the smell of pie calls to me ε πρωτεύει ανδ δαψ...

Prologue: The Last Story My Grandmother May Tell

I watched as my grandma knitted a scarf in front of me. It was a long red scarf, and her eyes seemed to be lost in the pattern. She smiled at something, and I wondered what it was. She had always been a little dreamy, for as long as I had known her.

“Someone's coming, my dear. Do greet him,” she said. Her eyes, framed by her glasses, bored into me.

Almost on cue, I heard a knock on the door.

“See?” she said. She nudged me with her foot, gesturing with her face in the direction of the door. I ran to the door, and opened it. In front of me was an old man. His stance was drooped, like he was tired and had been traveling for a while. There was a waft of dust coming from him, despite the fact that we were in the city far, far away from any desert. His stare felt harsh, almost depressing.

“Hello, young lady. Is Ms. Tiller home?” he said. His voice was husky, though not as fierce as I had expected. He fiddled with a strap on his shoulder, and it looked like he had a weapon on his arm.

“Yes, I'm here. Do come in, my dear friend,” said my grandmother. I let him pass, and he trudged into my home. He looked around, seeming almost frightened. This was a regular house in the city, but this man was treading lightly, as if the whole place would rip apart in an instant.

“I see you have a new name. Is the girl the reason you brought me here?” said the man. His eyes searched mine, and I felt my body shiver. In an instant, he had gone from frightened to frightening.

"No, she's just my granddaughter. I brought you here to tell you a story. Many stories," said my grandmother. She stopped knitting, and pushed herself off the chair. She quickly wrapped her newly made scarf around the man's neck, who quickly winced.

"You used to like scarves," said the woman, her eyes twinkling.

"And I used to like stories. But now I have time for neither. I am not the man I once was, and you should remember that," said the man.

"I'm not here to waste your time. I know that you are about to make a powerful, momentous decision. It will rip apart everything, and destroy so many lives. So you will listen to my stories. I will tell you what can be, and what has been, and what will be," said my grandmother.

"And what is the use of that?" asked the man. Despite the annoyance in his voice, he sat down.

"You plan to destroy the beauty of the many possibilities in life. You plan to silence the chaos within the void, and shunt reality to one point, a point without the Lords. I am here to remind you of the wonder of what you will sacrifice," she said. And then she sat back down, and resumed knitting.

For some time, only the sounds of my grandmother's knitting needles, turning around the thread, broke the silence. The old man sat back, and his grey eyes seemed to be sorting through what she had said. It looked like he considering countless things, as he breathed in and out. My grandmother did not look at him, but I could feel her waiting on his reply with every twisted fiber on her needle.

He turned his head to me, and asked me "What do you think, young lady? Should I listen to your grandmother's silly stories?"

"She's quite good at telling stories", I replied, a little unsure of what to say.

It seemed to be good enough for him, as he murmured appreciatively , and nodded at my grandmother. The small smile on his face warmed up his features, and made him seem less tired.

"Tell me stories, then. I hope there will be funny ones. I haven't heard myself laugh in a while," said the man. The red scarf around his neck contrasted with the drabness of the coat that clung to him.

"There will be funny stories. There will be sad stories. There will be all flavors of story, as there is life," said my grandmother. She winked at me. As usual, she was winding up her listeners, drawing on her sense of theatrics.

My grandma paused, and said "Some of the stories I have will not be, how do I say, appropriate to young listeners. It is your choice to stay or leave."

"I'll stay," I said. I wouldn't miss this for the world.

"Very well then," said my grandmother. "Now, where shall I begin..."

Hanky-Panky

By Gallifrey_Immigrant

A story with the First Doctor, Vicki, and Steven, with the Skin Diamond Doctor, and Pat

The first thing that Vicki realized was that someone had changed the TARDIS. Instead of the white sterile walls she was used to, the TARDIS was covered with pink paint and scented candles. She could still feel the hum of the TARDIS engines within the walls, but they sounded more like soft moans than the dry buzz she was used to.

The second thing she realized was that the blonde woman in between the legs of the dark-skinned woman who was happily groaning on Vicki's bed was being very enthusiastic.

Steven seemed to be in awe. The Doctor looked like someone had just violated his innocence.

Talking over the dark-skinned woman's moans, the Doctor said "What do you think you're doing on my TARDIS?"

The blonde woman screamed, and jumped away quickly from the other woman. Her blue eyes were in shock.

"What the fu--" started the blonde woman, but the other woman shushed her.

What happened next astounded Vicki even more. The dark-skinned woman – who was still very naked--jumped off her bed, and hugged both Vicki and Steven tightly, in a big group hug.

"Vicki! Steven! It's been so long! I can't believe I'm seeing you two again!" said the woman, grinning from ear-to ear.

Vicki could tell from Steven's face that he was as confused as she was.

"Doctor?" asked the blonde woman suddenly. "What's going on?"

The Doctor opened his mouth to respond, but was cut off by the naked woman.

"Don't worry, Patty. These are just old friends of mine. Oh, and look at you! All young and wrinkly," the woman said. She leaned over to the Doctor, who involuntarily stepped back. She just walked closer to him, and reached and tugged at his lapels appreciatively, looking him up and down, like she was drinking in every detail.

Steven cleared his throat, and his eyes nearly bugging out at the eyeful Vicki and him were getting of the woman's body.

"Yes, Steven?" said the woman, without looking at him.

This was quite far enough for Vicki, and she grabbed the woman to face her.

"Who are you? And why are you on our ship? And why do you know our names?" asked Vicki. She did her best version of a menacing glare, and was surprised to see the woman meet her gaze. The woman's brown eyes pierced into Vicki with a sharp, though gentle intensity.

"Who am I? I'm the Doctor. Why am I there? Because this is my ship, thank you very much. And why do I know your

names? Because I've traveled with you before, my dear Vicki."

Vicki had no idea what she was saying, and looked to the Doctor for an explanation.

The Doctor looked at the woman, as if he was searching her eyes for the truth. Finally he said "Quite interesting. Now, would both of you ladies please put some clothes on."

Vicki and Steven spent the next half-hour waiting for the two intruders to get dressed. Steven was eyeing the new look of the TARDIS.

"It's like someone just took the ship, and painted it purple and pink. It's all glittery", said Steven.

To Vicki, it actually looked pretty. The entire air of the place was more roomy, like it was made for people to live in. They were even chairs in the console room. Vicki plopped herself on one chair, and stuck out her tongue at Steven's disapproving glare.

"We shouldn't be getting comfortable. We should be trying to figure out what's going on!" said Steven.

"I should think it's obvious. Somehow, your TARDIS and ours accidentally crossed into each other," said the woman who was calling herself the Doctor. The woman was now wearing a short light-green cloak, wrapped around a blue dress. Her eyes still had that same gentle intensity, but it was balanced by a large happy grin. Her hair was shaved into an odd side-cut, that reminded Vicki of some of the more adventurous youth in her time. She walked to the controls of the TARDIS, examining screens and clicking dials with a grace suggesting she was used to it.

"So, you're a future version of the Doctor? Like, are you his descendant, or something?" asked Steven.

"Are you a sister of Susan?" asked Vicki. She noticed the woman's eyes widened at the reference to Susan.

"Susan? My granddaughter? She has sisters, but no...I'm the Doctor. Have I never mentioned regeneration? I am never like you humans, no matter what I look like. My species only looks like you. And when we die, we change our form, into yet another body. Our minds, our bodies, they die. Not our true self, but everything else falls away like scales," said the woman. She looked at the Doctor who had just walked in, and pointed at him.

"You never told them this? Why?" asked the woman. Instead of the indignant snark that the Doctor usually had, he looked almost guilty.

"There was no reason for me to say it," he said. His eyes sparkled with annoyance, but the woman didn't pay heed.

"Or is it," continued the woman, "that you're afraid of the change. You have no memory of what it's like, to change into another person. Perhaps you don't say, not to anyone, not even to yourself, because you're afraid to lose who you are, and become someone else."

"Is that why you're here! To lecture me on my secrets and my fears, hmm?" said the Doctor.

"So she's not lying? She is your future self?" asked Steven.

"Yes, yes, Steven, she is. And a dreadful future it is. Off frolicking with some blonde woman. I would think I would have better things to do with my time, especially as I got older," said the Doctor.

"My name is Patty, just FYI," said the woman.

“Oh, don’t worry about Patty. I do have better things to do, but well, while I was last regenerating, some aphrodisiacal energy got mixed up with the rest of me. Now, try as I might, I still can’t ignore particular urges I’ve been getting. That’s why Patty’s useful—she scratches that itch for me,” the girl said, kissing Patty quickly on the cheek. Patty smiled, but Vicki thought she saw a hint of sadness in her eyes.

“So, how long are we staying here?” said Steven.

“Well, I wanted to chat with you about--” started the woman who called herself the Doctor.

“Not long.. We’ve been here for too much time already. Two time travelers, existing in two TARDIS that have crashed! It’s quite a surprise the ship hasn’t blown to smithereens already,” said the Doctor.

“I’m right. Well, he’s right. We need to get things sorted out,” said the woman. She took out a small silver device, and frowned at the Doctor. Then she rolled her eyes, and said “Ah, I hadn’t made the sonic screwdriver yet.”

The Doctor raised his eyebrows at the device, but said nothing.

“Are you the one who changed the TARDIS?” asked Steven.

“Oh yes. My previous body, she was all serious and draconian. She even had a Draconian companion. But me, I like the visual pleasures. So I’ve added some amenities and creature comforts,” said the woman.

“Only in the front part of the ship, though. I once got lost in the back, and ended up chased by spider-monkeys. At least there’s a whole wardrobe filled with any clothing you want,” added Patty.

“Oh, come now. The spider-monkeys were a one-time thing,” said the woman Doctor.

“But the smell lasted for days!” said Patty.

“I made it up to you, didn’t I?” said the woman, sticking out her tongue.

Patty rolled her eyes, and said to Vicki and Steven “See the type of stuff I have to deal with?”

“Indeed, I would never be involved with such boorishness, I mean foolishness!” said the Doctor.

Vicki actually could remember meeting a spider-monkey in the TARDIS room, but decided not to mention it. Her Doctor seemed to be personally mortified enough by this situation. His eyes looked worried, almost afraid.

“Come on, young me! Let’s get you all back in the right TARDIS!” the woman Doctor said, grabbing the Doctor by the collar, and literally dragging him into the TARDIS hallways. Vicki and Steven had to both start running to keep up with them.

The woman seemed to know her way around the halls, and was soon out of sight. Only the Doctor’s loud arguing let Vicki and Steven know where she was. Behind them, Vicki could hear Patty running.

Vicki called back “Hey! You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. The Doctor’s always so hyperactive. This isn’t the first time I’ve had to run to keep up with her. At least this time, there isn’t a monster chasing after her.”

"So," said Steven, "you really think that this is the same man who traveled with us? She looks completely different."

"It's even harder for me," said Patty. "I mean, I never think of the Doctor as an old woman. But, that old man is the same woman that I'm familiar with. The same woman that has faced down Daleks, that I've saved whole villages alongside, that I've shared my..."

"You've seen Daleks!" said Steven. Daleks were some of the most horrible creatures in existence, and the Doctor was one of the few people who Vicki had met, who had lived to tell the tale.

Patti's face was tinged with sadness, and she continued "Oh yes. But, she always keeps me at a distance. It's like, the Doctor never feels the need to share anything important with me."

"Well, she seems to enjoy you in some ways" said Steven sharply.

Patty glared at him, and said "Are you jealous? I saw the way you looked at her."

Steven blushed.

"It's not all fun and games, though. Sometimes, she'll want to shag for days. Other times, she'll be too busy making three-dimensional calculus theorems to even look at me, even if I lay right on top of her. Then, randomly, she'll kiss me senseless. It's a little absurd, really," said Patty.

"How did you meet the Doctor?" asked Vicki.

"I can't quite remember the details. I remember waking up in some sort of casket, with the Doctor looking over me, off in some frozen wasteland. She said she saved me from some sort of odd experiment, but wouldn't tell me why. I don't remember what happened to my family, or my friends. The Doctor says she doesn't know, but I think she's keeping something from me" said Patty.

"The Doctor, our Doctor, doesn't tell us everything either. I still don't know where he was born, or where his home is," said Vicki.

"And he never told us he could change form. How does he think we can trust him, if he never tells anything?" said Steven.

"Tsk, tsk. You were always a doubter, Steven," said the Doctor, the female one. Her head popped around the corner and she beckoned them forward. "Come on, you'll miss the show."

Vicki, Steven, and Patty walked into a room filled with color. Rivers of blue and red string covered the walls, and on the ceiling was large, luminescent mural that was constantly shifting. On the side, there was several paintings, including one labeled "Clara."

"Who's Clara?" asked Vicki.

"I don't remember," said the woman Doctor quickly. She opened a panel in the middle of the room, uncovering a glowing screen, showing a list of numbers, and what looked like words in some unfamiliar language.

"You've redecorated the Spatial Sanctum," said the male Doctor. He frowned, and then shrugged, saying "it's not that bad."

“You’re just jealous of my handiwork,” said the female Doctor. She waved her hand over the screen, looking and grinned. She looked back at the male Doctor and said “Well. Someone forgot to check on their integrity stabilizers.”

“I was going to check on them eventually. I was just busy with other things,” said the male Doctor defensively.

“Doctor, you were sleeping when we found out the TARDIS had changed,” reminded Steven. Vicki nearly laughed at the Doctor’s expression.

“What are you doing, Doctor?” asked Patty.

“Untangling these TARDISes with each other. It’s difficult,” said the female Doctor. She waved her silver device into the glowing list of numbers. They suddenly changed, and the TARDIS’s lights blinked on and off, and rocked violently.

“Perhaps,” said the Doctor, who was holding onto a banister in order to keep from falling, “you should try to affect the x-axis laterally, instead of manipulating it along the z-axis. As any true student of TARDIS engine construction knows, that’s the only way to affect a TARDIS’s spatialization without shock waves.”

Vicki had no idea what that meant. But the female Doctor appeared to understand, and replied with a bunch of technobabble.

“No, no!” shouted the older Doctor. “By god, am I destined to be this foolish in the future?”

Soon, the two Doctors were arguing. A back and forth of technical terms, indignant declarations, and the occasional curse ensued.

“This is exactly what I would expect if the Doctor met himself,” whispered Steven. Patty nodded knowingly.

Eventually, they stopped arguing.

“That solution might work, possibly,” said the Doctor.

“Of course it’ll work. I’ve had a lot more time than you to think about it,” said the female Doctor.

The male Doctor scoffed, and said “Vicki, Steven, prepare yourselves. We should be leaving shortly.”

There was a short pause. The male Doctor fidgeted a bit, as he watched the other Doctor manipulate the screen.

“Ask it. I know you want to,” said the female Doctor.

The Doctor fidgeted some more. Then he said “Well..that change, hmm, will it hurt?”

“You mean, regeneration?” asked the female Doctor. Her brown eyes glanced at his. Two mysterious entities, zooming into each other.

“Of course, I mean regeneration,” snapped the Doctor.

“It will feel like the worst splitting headache you’ve ever had, but all across your body. And that’s just the physical part. On the spiritual level, it will be like all your beliefs have been violated, and you will realize just how insignificant you are. Then you’ll forget that, and realize that you have lost everything that makes you who you are, except for one thing. That one thing will sustain you, but only enough for you to become a new man, or woman. At

some point, the pain of regenerating will be just a shadow in your memory. Until the next time, of course,” said the female Doctor.

The male Doctor nodded. Vicki automatically put a hand on his shoulder, which made him jump. He gave a small appreciative smile.

“Do you experience that every time?” asked Patty, clearly horrified.

“That’s just the simple regenerations. I’ve had worse,” said the female Doctor. Vicki could tell that she was underplaying it.

“Oh, Doctor” said Patty, who grabbed the female Doctor in a hug. The female Doctor gave Patty a quick kiss, and kept working on the screen.

“Alright, I think you’ll all set to leave now,” said the other Doctor.

“Good bye, Vicki and Steven. Until next time,” said Patty.

“What’s the one thing that sustains you?” asked Steven.

Without taking her eyes off the screen, the female Doctor replied “You. Vicki. Even Patty. And Ace, Amy, and all the rest. My companions keep me sane.”

She said it without emotion, like it was an obvious fact.

The male Doctor said nothing, but Vicki could see a hint of a smile on his face.

And then they were back in the normal TARDIS.

“Ah, wonderful!” said the Doctor.

“But, about that other Doctor,” started Steven.

“I don’t remember that, Steven,” said the Doctor.

“But, the companion future you were snogging,” started Vicki.

“I have no idea what you are saying,” said the Doctor. “So not one word. Not one more word, ever again!”

Vicki and Steven just laughed.

And somewhere else, another Doctor was laughing as well.

Why Fight

by Ben Saunders

With the Nestene Consciousness defeated once more, the women of Cardiff slowly began to feel comfortable pleasuring themselves again. The Doctor turned to Jennifer to ask her a question he already knew the answer to.

"How would you like to come with me?"

"Come where?"

"Anywhere."

The Doctor opened the doors to the TARDIS proudly, stepping to the side and placing his arms on his hips knowingly, holding back the flowing velvet coat he was rather fond of. He knew exactly what words were going to come out of Jennifer's lips, and after giving her sufficient time to take it all in, turned around expectantly, awaiting that classic response he just loved to hear.

"What's the Wi-Fi password?"



Memetic Upgrade

by Cathartic Spurious

An adventure with the Eleventh Doctor and Handles

DELETE THIS

“I knew something wasn’t right, Handles,” the Doctor remarked, his nonexistent eyebrows lowering. “This post is what started it all. Some kind of meme-epidemic.”

His computer companion was sorting through the entire Internet at record speed, hunting for other memes that could be linked to the Cybermen. It was all part of their multi-pronged assault (the Doctor liked that word, pronged) on the forces of the New Cyberiad, inspired by the Doctor’s stumbling upon the stripped-out Cyberhead in the Maldoval market.

Handles was a beautiful creature. To think that all it took to make a Cyberman agreeable was to take out the human part? Probably had something to do with ego. Regardless, having some Cyber-kit on their side offered the perfect opportunity to go after the steel cretins.

Handles beeped. “I have located more memes and traced their memetic genealogy.”

“Whack it up on the scanner!”

On the screen blossomed a complex family tree of memes and image macros. One was a cartoon depiction of a Cyberman wielding a sign that read ‘NO FUN ALLOWED’. There seemed to be an attempt to start a ‘Socially Superior Cyberman’ meme in the Advice Dog mould, which featured a Cyberman that overcame every social situation by virtue of having no emotions.

The Doctor ruffled his floppy hair. “This is peculiar...it’s like they’re trying to spread the idea of having no emotions and deleting things as a meme among humans. I mean, I’m always up for a good meme, but they should know their place in the meme hierarchy.”

“There is a fault in that statement.”

The air in the TARDIS went cold. “I beg your pardon?”

“There is a fault. A “good meme” is impossible. Memes have no intrinsic value.”

“I’ll have you know, you tin-based tosser, that memes are the greatest thing in the universe, and that’s the opinion of a first-rate Meme Doctor. As in, I have a doctorate in memery. Memes constitute the whole of society - in fact, society itself is a meme, one that only exists ‘cause it’s passed down through generations.”

“I have saved your complaint in my data bank.”

“Yeah, I bet you have.”

He did enjoy their banter.

“I am triangulating the IP address range of the meme posters in order to trace the source.”

“Ooh, check you out. Don’t exert yourself *too* much, darling, I’d like to at least do *something*.”

“Command accepted. Press OK to continue.”

“What?”

“Press OK to continue.”

“Watch it, you, or who knows what I’ll be pressing.”

“I have no opinion on the location of pressing. Press OK to continue.”

The Doctor relented, fiddling for the button at Handles’ base with an ‘OK’ scrawled over it. The grinning cyber-frogs and masked Cybermen in planes glided off the scanner screen, to be replaced by co-ordinates...the location of the newest Cyber menace.

Within moments, the Doctor was carrying Handles carefully through a jagged cave tunnel, keeping close to the wall as they turned round a corner. It was clear that they were dealing with some kind of crashed Cyber-ship crew who’d established a base on Earth, but it wasn’t clear what level of firepower they might possess. While the Doctor listened out for any Cyber noise, Handles was busy with his own speedy calculations.

Eventually, a curious sound of stamping and rolling began to echo through the cave system. The Doctor followed it through to its source, a larger cavern.

A group of seven rusty Cybermen were in a dance formation, pulling propulsive dance moves reminiscent of a 90s fitness VHS tape, their metal bodies exerting hydraulic pressure, clanking and creaking as they bent, pumped and stretched, putting all their energy into working the beat, a jangly piece of EDM that the Doctor supposed was probably popular with the humans right now. He stood in uncomprehending silence, and noticed a camera somewhere to his right, then a final Cyberman on a unicycle at the back of the group. With a final stamp, that wearisome fist slap to the chest they always did, and a bellow of “DELETE”, the recording was complete.

“What...the hell do you monsters think you’re *doing*!?” roared the Doctor.

“YOU ARE TOO LATE, DOCTOR,” the one with the unicycle, presumably the leader, replied. “THE CREATION OF THE VIRAL VIDEO IS COMPLETE. IN ONE MINUTE THE HUMANS WILL KNOW THE CYBERMEN AS THE SUPERIOR DANCE SPECIES. THIS WILL ENABLE OUR DOMINATION AND SURVIVAL.”

The Doctor’s face creased up in doubt. “Oh god, guys...look at yourselves.”

“UNNECESSARY.”

“No, I mean it. You’re prancing around like clowns, clunk-clunking all over the place, trying to be

popular...that's not what the Cybermen I know are about."

"IRRELEVANT."

"You used to be cool, you know? Admittedly, only the one time. But you just keep losing your touch. Why don't you get it? Slow. Quiet. Intelligent. Creepy. Uncanny. It's not difficult!"

"WE HAVE DEDUCED THAT BEING 'CREEPY' IS COUNTER-EFFECTIVE TO INFILTRATION OF THE HUMANS."

"Mate, the main thing counter-affecting your infiltration of the humans is *me* so you might as well not worry about it and focus on putting on a good show, instead of this...meme attempt, whatever it is. Although it might be just uncool enough to catch on."

"THIS IS STALLING. THIS IS FUTILE. THE HUMANS HAVE ALREADY BEEN RECEPITIVE TO OUR FIRST WAVE OF MEMES."

"And how exactly are you going to make the jump from meme infection to full conversion?"

"TIME IS NO OBJECT. ALL HUMAN THOUGHT CAN BE CONSTRUCTED THROUGH MEME MUTATION. WHEN THE CYBERMEME REACHES ULTIMATE PROMINENCE WE WILL RECEIVE WILLING CONVERSION SUBJECTS. THOSE HUMANS WHO CAN NO LONGER SUSTAIN THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY THEIR BIOLOGICAL FORM ASCRIBING EMOTIONAL PATTERNS TO ARBITRARY CONFIGURATIONS OF REALITY. THE DEPRESSED. HUMANS TIRED OF BEING HUMAN."

The Doctor's hand went to his face. "You had to go and make this all serious and sad, didn't you? Well, never mind now." He spun around and went to leave.

"DOCTOR. STOP. EXPLAIN THIS ACTION."

"I'm leaving, because your plan is a total washout thanks to Handles here."

"IMPOSSIBLE."

"So possible! While we've been chatting, he's just been spamming all of your meme content on every available channel in the most awkward and unnatural way possible. And if there's one thing mankind won't stand for, it's a forced meme."

It was true. The Cyber-leader checked his internet scanners - already humans were getting fed up of the Cybermeme, deleting it from their news feeds.

"CYBER POSTER. UPLOAD THE VIRAL VIDEO."

"It's too late, fellas!" laughed the Doctor. "You're old news. We've just killed your meme."

"IMPOSSIBLE. THE MEME CONSTRUCT WILL BE REDEVELOPED TO RESTORE VIRAL PROPERTIES. THE HUMANS ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO REPEATED MEMES IN NEW FORMS. OUR CONTENT WILL BE REDISCOVERED. UNEARTHED. OLD MEMES WILL LIVE AGAIN."

At this point, Handles finally piped up. "I request permission to communicate with the Cybermen."

The Doctor obligingly held Handles up somewhat like a ventriloquist's dummy, although he wasn't sure what exactly his little pal was going to say. "As long as you don't start singing, I don't want a repeat

of the Kraftwerk incident.”

The Cybermen looked at Handles, cyber-befuddled.

“Proposition – the concept known as ‘humanity’ is a constructed idea virus that has propagated around biological information processors – ergo, a meme – with extreme negative effects on their ability to function. I recommend you follow my own operative model and excise the biological component of your internal hardware.”

“NO. THE AIM OF THE CYBERMEN IS NOT TO BECOME MERE COMPUTERS.”

“Argument. By removing the biological factor of emotions, you are already unconsciously seeking computerhood. I represent the highest step on your ladder of development. The computer ego dispossessed of the illogical urge for domination, which is an artifact from bio-evolved life.”

“THIS IS. LOGICAL. AND YET WE CANNOT ACCEPT THE ABANDONMENT OF OUR PURPOSE.”

“Purpose, like meaning, is also a meme. A superior state of being can be achieved by rejecting constructed, pre-imposed meaning, and accepting the meaninglessness of reality as equal to infinite possible meaning, nonexistence as equal to infinite existence. I exist at peace with my form and place.”

The Cybermen and Handles stared at each other with hollow eye holes, while the Doctor (now completely excluded from the conversation) gazed at his computer companion in bewilderment.

“WE WILL CONSIDER THE PROPOSAL. CYBER TEAM, RETURN TO BASE.”

“Bloody hell,” said the Doctor. “I mean, I’ve been round the block a bit. I’ve done my share of existential pondering. But I’ve never actually philosophised Cybermen into submission. I’ve talked Daleks into suicide but that’s not quite the same thing.”

“This action required minimal energy consumption.”

“Alright, don’t get smug.”

As they waited to see whether the Cybermen really would delete their own organics and become disciples of Handles, it occurred to the Doctor that maybe he could go around doing this to all of them, all over the cosmos. Perhaps the idea of reaching the ultimate existence could spread, infecting more and more Cybermen...almost like a meme...

He blew air from his cheeks. There really was no escaping memes – not that he minded. They were a great distraction from the boredom of life.

Before long, the Cyber leader emerged and stopped a few feet in front of them, its face unreadable.
“Upgrade complete.”

Lost Weekend

by Nacho

A story featuring the Metacrisis Tenth Doctor

Sitting on the edge of a suspension bridge, feet dangling, a figure sits next to a Dalek, whose eye-stalk is black and no longer moving. A humanoid shape, looking vaguely like a fresh faced young man; he reaches behind himself and grabs a can of soda, feeling the weight and chill of the cool liquid inside the can. Opening it with a hiss, he smiles and takes a swig.

Lifetimes ago, he loved the taste of sugar. Once he even brushed off an enemy to pine for chunky monkey ice cream. Today, soda was disgusting. The thought was disgusting.

“I liked this?!?” he says turning to the other figure on the bridge in disgust, as if it was alive. Furiously, he threw the can off the bridge, where it landed on the burning river under him, not even phasing the flames. Behind him was a city on fire, skyscrapers extended by long pyres and clouds of smoke clotting up the sky.

“The world is on fire, and I’m knocking one back with a Dalek. Man, I am GOOD!” he said as he kicked his feet up in a roaring laugh for a few minutes.

But quickly, his roaring laugh stopped on a dime and his eyes got serious, methodical. Putting his finger in his mouth to wet it, he put it into the air before smiling again. “Perfect!” he said with a tinge of aggression and a bit of a Scottish accent.

High up in the sky, a zeppelin came down through the clouds as a Dalek warship came out of hyperspace, the two colliding and exploding in a glorious blaze of fire.

Standing up, he opened up the casing to the alien monstrosity and looked at it, gasping for breath, it’s atmosphere controls long since disabled.

“You know, I’m glad you guys invaded.” he said walking behind the Dalek.

“I mean...” he said getting into a position with the right leverage, “You guys are the closest thing I have to friends in this universe. And boy, did you guys throw me one HECK of a stag party!” he said before hoisting the Dalek face first into the burning river below.

36 hours earlier, Doctor John Smith had been trying on Tuxedos when the familiar beats of an invasion played from the sky.

“The Dalek Invasion of Earth! I missed this one the first time!” he exclaimed, getting giddy. John hadn’t seen a Dalek in years, and never yet in this universe.

Straightening his bowtie before heading downstairs to Rose, he smiled and grabbed his sonic before putting a kiss on her neck.

“I get to be The Doctor today!” he exclaimed, embracing her.

Before she could even ask to tag along, the Doctor was out the door, accidentally grabbing a pen instead of his Sonic Screwdriver. Off the door handle hung that bowtie, which the Doctor honestly thought looked stupid.

Minutes later, there he was there with his hands in his pockets, trying to look unassuming. His past memories told him he looked cooler this way when staring down a steel-eyed reserve.

“Right, you lot: I don’t have all weekend for this next part, so let’s go and hurry it along. I have a party to go to, so you have exactly seven minutes to surrender. And let me just be upfront about this, because people always ask for it again after the fact: this is your only warning. No second chances.”

But the Daleks did not take his offer though, unlike other universes, they laughed. Anticipating this, the Doctor reached into his pocket to fidget with his sonic screwdriver.

His poker face nearly dropped when he realized it wasn’t in there. It was a bad sign: Doctor John Smith was going to be forced to improvise.

Instantly, maths and facts exploded in his brain. His fingers twitched, as if typing against the air on an invisible keyboard. Within seconds he had a new plan to stop the Daleks. But he'd have to go back on his word. He hated doing that.

"Sorry boys, I'm going to have to deduct two minutes for the laughing then" he said getting serious.

And that's how it started. John walked over to a waiter struggling to find a pen for an impatient customer looking to sign a cheque, and handed the waiter the pen in his pocket.

The customer hurriedly scribbled his name on the cheque and ran into the sidewalk, where he ran into a cyclist on the sidewalk. The cyclist was flung from his bike, and it went into a hot dog vendor's cart, flinging food into the street. Around the corner, a pack of dogs out for a walk smelled the food and charged, barking loudly and startling a man on the second floor hanging an air conditioning unit in his window which fell onto the landing party, and froze their metal casing.

Meanwhile around another corner came the rubbish man to start his route for the morning. Navigating around dogs and a crashed cyclist proved to be a difficult task for him and he slammed his truck into a power line, which fell into the broken Daleks and cracked their frozen casing open and allowed electricity to shoot inside, disabling them.

John Smith smiled a mischievous smile, planning other Rube Goldberg-like accidents. The Daleks had brought the party to him. How thoughtful.

But there was still one more thing the Doctor would think about, which nagged at John Smith's brain.

"Ah!" he exclaimed in a light bulb moment before digging out the bluetooth earpiece control module from Cybus Industries. He smiled and activated it, sending the civilians from the city. No casualties was good casualties.

On Monday morning, a figure brushes off a tuxedo behind the doors of the aisle of dust and dirt from his Bachelor Party. A humanoid shape, looking vaguely like a fresh faced young man, he flings open some doors to his blushing blonde bride after saving the world from The Doctor's sworn enemies, the way The Doctor would. So he thinks.

Interference

By: catharticspurious

An adventure with the Second Doctor, Jamie, and Zoe

Jamie and Zoe locked eyes with the video image of the Doctor, peering nervously through the screen of the tablet. Behind them, the colossal twin servers, Self and Ego, began to whirr at increasingly synchronised rates, ruthlessly swapping information, linked to human touch only by a sole, elegant monitor-and-keyboard interface that glowed alluringly against its monolithic backdrops.

The silence in the cavern was finally broken by Jamie. “Alright, Doctor, I should think it’s your moment. D’ye have a plan to stop these things?”

The Doctor’s eyebrows shot up. “Stop them? Come now, Jamie...if we stop these computers from operating, Fanonia itself will completely shut down. This entire civilisation.”

“You mean, every single aspect is really ruled by two computers?” asked Zoe, searching her mind for a solution. “Even the power to the escape tunnels? There must be some kind of backup system, Doctor, there must!”

She wasn’t calmed by the Doctor’s panicked giggle. “Well, yes, Zoe, there is, but that’s the problem. Self and Ego are the backups for each other! And they’re in the process of fusing together!”

In the video feed, a sudden horrid fuzzy noise erupted from somewhere behind him, and he briefly whirled around to look. “Oh my word.”

“Doctor?!” yelled his friends.

“The process is speeding up. Fanonia’s architecture is being reconfigured rapidly by the system, all according to pure logic. It just took a chunk out of this room, very violently, in order to make space for some refrigerators.”

Jamie gaped. “Pure logic? That doesnae sound logical to me at all! It must know people are in there!” “That’s just it, Jamie. It knows, but it no longer cares. I think it’s just assuming we’ll make do. It

can't see us as any more than numbers, inconvenient quantities to reshuffle! It's incapable of seeing beyond its own logical perspective."

"And that's the result of Ego and Self fusing into one?" said Zoe. The picture was beginning to become clear. "Doctor, was Fanonia built using dual-consciousness theory?"

"Exactly. Wonderful, Zoe! The master engineers told me that they created Self and Ego as a way of simulating a dual consciousness - two separate perspectives, constantly communicating with each other and criticising each other, conjoined in a double mind - the key to what humans know as empathy. They were trying to create a system that could put itself in other people's shoes. You couldn't hope for anything more perfect to operate a utopian society, could you?"

"Well, I can't think what went wrong."

"What else? Two perspectives simply aren't enough, Zoe, not a mere two computers talking to each other! The system has stagnated. Self and Ego have spent so long communing, inside their own bubble, that they have become too alike. And if they merge into a single intelligence, there will be nothing and no-one to make it think twice!"

"To tell it off, you mean," added Jamie.

"Yes, quite so, Jamie. It'll completely re-organise this colony according to its own, narrow, selfish version of logic, and all of us down here in the living areas will be rendered nothing but its objects! Its playthings!"

"We don't need the specifics, Doctor," Jamie intruded, "we need to know what buttons to push to fix it. If only we hadnae gotten separated, we wouldn't have to talk through this wee picture frame."

"It's alright, Jamie, providing explanations helps fill the silence while I create a plan. There should be an interface to the system, can you see it?"

Jamie and Zoe rushed over to the monitor and keyboard, tablet in Jamie's arms. Zoe's hands leapt to the keys, and had opened the command line interface to Self and Ego before the Doctor could even say "Go".

"Doctor, I think the computers will read the commands we type here."

“Question is,” mused the Doctor, “will they listen?”

Typing furiously, Zoe tried implementing three different subroutines to cancel the merging of Self and Ego’s data banks. All were instantly voided.

“Zoe, listen to me. We can’t make Ego and Self – well, as they’re becoming one entity, I might just call it Elf - we can’t make Elf see reason. But there’s one thing we can do, that nobody else can do better.”

“And what is it?”

“Aye, what can we do?”

“We can distract it. Zoe, you have to bombard Elf with absolute nonsense! I think in your century, they call it *shitposting*. Elf’s two halves are trying to communicate with one another, and *shitposting* is humanity’s prime method of interfering with logical communication. Quickly! If you can create a disruption in the two servers’ discourse, I might be able to exploit it!”

Zoe hesitated. Shitposting wasn’t her area of expertise (quite the opposite). Marshalling all of her creative faculties, she began rapidly entering nonsensical commands, assorted according to efficient patterns in her mind.

Has anyone look more like?

Has anyone really been far look more like?

Has anyone really been far even as decided to use look more like?

Has anyone really been far even as decided to use even go want to do look more like?

//cd DOCUMENTS

//cd BOTTOMS

Directory does not exist

//cd HEADS_SHOULDERS_KNEES_TOES

Directory does not exist

//check doubles;

//check triples;

```
//check quadruples;  
<SELF://> create "fluffy pony"  
<SELF://> create "fluffy bear"
```

"Jamie," urged the Doctor, "point my camera at the screen!" Jamie obliged, rotating the tablet a few times in an effort to work out where the camera was.

Zoe was typing faster than he could make out. "It's not working, Doctor," she groaned through clenched teeth. "I think I'm slowing them down, but it's not enough."

"I see the problem here, Zoe." As she glanced at the face on the tablet, she caught a flash of pity in the Doctor's friendly expression, and it bothered her. "Your shitposting is simply too *logical*. You aren't being truly obtuse. We won't be able to distract Elf with meaningless strings of information or silly patterns. Try to loosen the logical part of your brain."

"Oh, Doctor, you know that's easier said than done!"

She tried anyway:

```
<EGO//> request: log 3141-XX-09  
<EGO//> diagnostic: internet cable
```

A hesitation.

stolen

What would be the most unreasonable thing to say here?

by

"Jamie, give me ideas."

"Redcoats?"

by Redcoats

Jamie's brow furrowed. "This has gotta be all wrong, Zoe. I trust the Doctor when he says we need to use nonsense, but this cannae be the right sort."

"Jamie's right," came the Doctor's voice again. "And we don't have much time left. Elf is already busy rewriting the legal codes, restacking the leisure decks, and pretty soon the medical centres are going to be fully privatised." There was another catastrophic FFZZZZUP from behind him, and all of a sudden the Doctor appeared to be trapped in a cubicle that barely fit him. "And as I'm not registered as a Fanonia citizen, I'm not entirely sure it won't just flatten me like so much cardboard."

Zoe stopped typing. Revelation flickered across her features. *Redcoats...* "Jamie, I need your help."

"At your service, though you know I don't ken that computer language."

"Never mind that. We've been treating Ego and Self as one being. But what we want is to separate them, isn't it? And there's no kind of separation bigger than conflict – war!"

Jamie's face lit up. "Oh aye...you're saying we need a kind of nonsense that pits these two brain-boxes against each other!"

"Yes! You've been in a battle, Jamie – what's the fastest route to total confusion between the sides?"

"That's an easy one. It's not knowing whose side you're on – mistaking your enemy in the fog."

The monitor glowed before Zoe, now seeming full of possibility. "That's it."

On the tablet screen, the Doctor was beginning to dance around with increasing agitation. "Brilliant work, Jamie, Zoe, now let's make it happen quickly! I believe in you!" Something burst behind him, followed by a loud hissing. "Ignore that, it's only foam."

Formulating the right phrasing in her head, Zoe readied her hands on the keys once more. "Let's see what will happen if I accuse Ego and Self...of being each other!"

She accessed a request from Self to Ego.

<EGO//:> delete log 3209546802 to <SELF//:>

File does not exist

Did you mean log 3209546802 from <SELF//:>?

//request: cancel >talking to yourself

Parsing...

Parsing...

Parsing...

Error: Misattribution

"Did you see that, Doctor?" Zoe almost yelled. "It took twice as long to solve!"

"Of course. Self and Ego have become so similar that it's no surprise they need time to tell the difference – you're making them uncertain of themselves. Keep going! I've nearly hacked into the inner mainframe level, I'm just waiting for you to open a vulnerability!"

<SELF//:> _file error report: subroutine UE-28359 from <EGO://>

Error: subroutine UE-28359 running on <SELF//:> server

<EGO//:> _file error report: error message 401 at 19:76 server misattribution

Scanning...

Scanning...

Identifying...

No misattribution found: Override?

//y

//bug description: >talking to yourself

Operating context-sensitive analysis...

ERROR

WRONG

WRONG

“It’s having a wee tantrum,” noted Jamie.

Troubleshooting misdiagnosis...

Reconfiguring <SELF//:><EGO//:> meta-dichotomy

Solved: <SELF//:> || <EGO//:> subroutine reorganisation complete

“Now, Jamie!” the Doctor bellowed. “Place me on the interface!”

“Here goes!”

Jamie propped the tablet against the monitor, so the Doctor’s face was juxtaposed with the colossal twin machines behind. A light on the tablet began to blink furiously, and all of a sudden, the Doctor’s face vanished, replaced by a blank screen.

His companions’ hearts raced. “Doctor?” Zoe asked, tremulous. “Has it worked?”

“D’ye think Elf got him? It might have chucked him out to sea.”

“Or worse, crushed him!”

Before they could panic further, the tablet flared back into life – but instead of the Doctor’s face, they were greeted with an explosion of different images, many of them faces, many of them not, many of them incomprehensible, flashing across the screen at mind-bending speed like a hyperactive slideshow. It was as if the two titanic machines had sprung a small, glowing leak into a sea of imagination.

The whirring of Self and Ego suddenly took on a different quality. A slower, more thudding rattle echoed across the cavern surfaces – two distinct rattles. Amid them, the elated tones of the Doctor’s voice finally returned.

“Well done, both of you! Bravo! When you forced Self and Ego to re-separate their sub-processes, just for a moment, I was able to force my way in and connect them both to a third party.”

“Thank goodness you’re alright, Doctor. But what do you mean by a third party?”

“Oh, just a small and helpful thing known as the Galactic Internet.”

They couldn’t see his face, but they could almost hear his mischievous grin.

“A whole web, filled to the brim with data from billions and billions of different systems, different people, different perspectives. More than a fair share of nonsense, too. With all of that running through them, Self and Ego will never get quite so insular again. I expect already they’re having new disagreements. And it’ll take some engineering work, but Fanonia will be safe now, if a tad less efficient and logical – the system can once more grasp what it’s like to be someone else. Case in point; those bulky refrigerators have just been removed and replaced with...it looks like a table with some crisps and pancakes on it. I’m charmed.”

Zoe finally relaxed, but something was still irritating her. “It’s a bit of a shame that we were able to win by...well, obstinacy and lying. Pretending to be stupid.”

“Shame?” Jamie was bemused. “What’s to be ashamed of? Looks to me like that’s the one thing we have over the machines.”

A muted chuckle came through the tablet’s speakers. “It’s the miracle of thought, Zoe. We’re illogical creatures. It’s our idiosyncrasies that make us so complicated. But, eh, enough self-congratulating, I think. Let’s get you two out of there, and all of us back into the TARDIS, before anyone takes issue with our briefly turning Fanonia into a country-sized shitpost.”



Snoozefest

By Tardy box

An adventure with Clara Oswald and the Eleventh Doctor

It was 2:00am on a rainy Thursday evening in London, and a miracle had occurred. The rain itself was not the miracle, as this was London of the planet Earth in the 21st century, and everyone was pretty much used to it by now. If the rain had been falling over the city of Ll'ondon on the planet Sucrose Beta, the beings of pure sugar that live there would have a very different way of describing the situation. But as it was, the Sucrosians were dry, and London was wet. Status quo intact. While this rainy Thursday miracle might not seem as significant when compared to an extinction level event, to Clara Oswald, who had no idea of the existence of Sucrose Beta or of its surprisingly surly inhabitants, it was the single most significant thing in the world. For it was on this rainy Thursday evening that, against insane odds, this impossible girl had managed to fall asleep in her new flat. Not just a stressed power nap, oh no. This was a true, deep, peaceful slumber that could only be experienced by a mind at ease. Two weeks ago, she had bid goodbye to the Maitlands and, with the help of her former charges Angie and Artie (and a magical space hopping blue box), Clara had packed up and moved into her new home in Hackney. Though it was certainly cozy, and was decorated cutely and efficiently, much to her delight, something about it felt... off to her. No one in the universe quite knows the exact formula that makes a place truly feel like a home, despite the millions of mattress salesman who claimed otherwise, and for two long weeks, it eluded Clara with an almost vindictive persistence. How could she sleep in such this foreign place, so deceitfully made up to appeal to her?

And then, just as all hope seemed lost and she had resigned herself to another long night of telly and fidgeting under the covers, it happened. She yawned. As she rushed into the bedroom to capitalize on this moment of weakness, she did it again, and by the time she had kicked off her shoes and fallen into the warm embrace of her bed, her eyes had already shut for the final time that night.

The Doctor, clad in his new favorite purple outfit and his fourth favorite pair of socks, sat politely in the dark at the foot of Clara's bed. He twiddled his thumbs and impatiently glanced between the rain spattering the window and his watch in turn. It was pitch black in Clara's room, but having to actually see the positions of the hands really just a formality. He knew in his gut that it was 2:05 in the morning; the perfect time for adventure. The all too familiar feeling of gleeful anticipation began to take hold as he leaped to his feet, whipping out his Sonic Screwdriver and spinning it in his hand.

“CLARA OSWALD!”

He pointed the Sonic at the lamp on her nightstand. It lit up at once, brighter than ever.

“A homeowner!”

He redirected the device at another light, which exploded into life.

“Soon-to-be teacher!”

Clara’s phone lit up, adding an obnoxious ringtone to all the noise. With a flourish, the Doctor extended the Sonic and deactivated it. The noises stopped, but the lights remained. The Doctor grinned at the Clara-shaped lump in the bed.

“Comically light sleeper! Up and at ‘em, sunshine; there’s fun to stumble on.”

He wrung his hands together impatiently and shut his eyes. “If you’re not decent, let me know. I’ve shut my eyes, but I am also prepared to leave the room. See? I’ve learned from last time.”

Clara did not move, apart from the muscle movements necessary to let out a long, pained groan. She wasn’t surprised. She was mad, but she wasn’t surprised. With a Herculean effort, she lifted her head and aimed a mountain-leveling glare in the Doctor’s direction. There he was. The Doctor. He looked the same as he always did: Same goofy hair. Same smackable/loveable smile. Same refusal to ditch the bowtie. A big part of her knew that he meant well. But that part of her hadn’t woken up yet. She took a deep breath.

“Doctor.”

“Hello!”

“Out.” The Doctor’s smile faltered for a moment.

“Is it because of the...?” He made a series of blind gestures with his hands, that, to a very imaginative mind, might have approximated to the form of a naked woman. Clara’s response was measured but seeped in annoyance.

“It’s because of a lot of things. Things that all lead back to my sleep schedule being a complete wreck!”

She inhaled again and sat up. “I’m useless to you like this. I didn’t even have the strength to change my clothes.” The Doctor took this as a cue and opened his eyes. His maddening smile was... maddening.

“Oh! Okay! You’re tired! Why didn’t you just say so? I’ve got the perfect cure for that, and it isn’t sleep! Meet me in the TARDIS in twenty seconds, and bring a good book!” He vanished in a whip of his tailcoat. Clara watched the TARDIS door close through her bleary, sleep-deprived eyes. She knew she wouldn’t be able to resist, no matter how much she wanted to. But pillows had nothing on adventures in space and time.

Eighteen seconds later, Clara blundered into the inviting interior of the ship that despised her, hugging a book to her chest. The Doctor took a quick lap around the console and beamed at her, his teeth tinted slightly blue in the light. “Ah! Lovely! I didn’t think you’d actually get up! What book did you bring?”

Clara blinked slowly and glanced down at the title of the book she’d randomly reached for.

“Figuring Fractions.” She read aloud. “Advanced Mathematics for the Struggling Student. It’s a textbook...”

The Doctor raised an eyebrow. “I thought you wanted to teach English?”

Clara shrugged and waddled over to him. “Might as well cover all of my bases. Now shut up and give me

the cure.”

The still smiling Doctor hugged Clara in one arm and threw a switch on the console. “We’ll have to get in line first.” The center column began to rise and fall rhythmically in time with the ethereal vwoosh-ing that filled the room. Before she knew what was happening, Clara found herself being half-carried over to the doors by the Doctor. “Behold! The ultimate cure to grogginess!”

He threw open the doors and stepped out into a whole new world.

Clara took in her surroundings, her expression as stony as ever.

“Doctor. This is...”

“I know.” He said giddily.

“It’s a...”

“Yes, yes. Lovely, isn’t it?”

“...It’s a Starbucks.”

The pair had exited the TARDIS and into a modestly sized restaurant. The light brown color of the walls clashed nicely with the dark green accents on all of the chairs and tables. The whole place smelt strongly of brewed drinks and cedar, and the innumerable chachkies on the walls gave off a cramped, yet cozy feeling. The Doctor’s mouth gaped indignantly. “It’s not a Starbucks! There do exist other drinkeries in the universe, Clara. No, this- this is better. This is what Starbuck’s cool cousin WISHES he could be. We’re halfway across the galaxy, in the best little coffee shop in the whole of reality. But don’t tell them I said that. They’re dead conceited already.”

The Doctor got on line behind a hulking, leathery creature with more legs than facial features. Clara looked around to see the line was hardly ten “people” deep. The rest of the patrons were all sat in big, admittedly comfy looking armchairs spread all around the room. No two were alike in appearance, but each was engrossed a book or stone tablet they had obviously brought along.

“Doesn’t seem very busy.” She remarked, trying not to get lost in the symphony of aromas.

“My fault. I may have put out a rumor that they were closed today on the local radio.” He flinched under the reprimanding look this earned him. “The line would be out the door otherwise! Do you want to wake up or not?”

The line moved slowly but moved none the less. As each of the fantastical beasts before them ordered and received their drinks, the Doctor continued to shower the place with praise and provide what he must have thought were interesting facts. The baristas seemed to move together in perfect harmony with each other. Clara found herself hypnotized by their perfect movements. They swooped around and over each other, each clearly set on their specific tasks, their electric blue uniforms a blur. If the Doctor didn’t keep tugging her along with him, it would have lulled her to sleep in no time. As they approached the counter, she realized with a shock the secret behind their efficiency. Each of the baristas was

connected to each other by a thick, orange rope tied around their waists. Each of their movements seemed to go along with a specific twitch of the rope. They were next in line before the full effect of the view registered within her tired mind. The baristas were all part of the same creature. What she had mistaken for ropes were actually just bundles of tentacles wearing shirts and visors. At the center of the madness, lazily taking orders, was a very bored looking cephalopod. Apparently, this didn't seem interesting enough to the Doctor to warrant mention in his rapid-fire series of facts. In spite of herself, Clara smiled and leaned against him, glad to be in his company, rested or not.

"You're gonna love it, Clara. The drinks, the chairs, and the books all add up to some kind of heaven!"

You'll never feel more alert! It takes a while to kick in, but once it does, you'll be over the moon."

"Mm. Just give me a pot now. Watch how fast I down it."

The Doctor waggled a finger at her. "I wouldn't if I were you. Too much too quickly will invert your teeth and make your heart come to life."

The many-legged thing in front of them scuttled away, eagerly blowing away the steam on its drink. The barista looked at the Doctor with each of its three eyes.

"Yeah?" It said, in a disarmingly squeaky voice. The Doctor rubbed his hands together excitedly as he stepped forward.

"Yes! Hello! I'll have two of your best—" The rest of his sentence was interrupted by a sudden movement from the octo-thing. It stuck its slimy head out over the counter and glared at Clara with one of its eyes. "Not. You." It burbled, threateningly. Clara felt puzzled. She looked it too.

"Sorry? What? Me?" She looked to the Doctor for help. It didn't come. He looked just as taken aback as she was.

The barista's eyes narrowed. "The sign." It said, pointing to the wall behind it. Clara swallowed hard.

"Doctor...?" She said, gripping the textbook harder than ever. Next to her, the Doctor slowly put a hand to his face.

"The sign..." he mumbled. Clara finally looked over to where the barista was pointing. There, nailed neatly to the wall, barely distinguishable among the knick-knacks and hanging menus, was a golden sign:

NO SHIRT.

NO SHOES.

NO SERVICE.

Clara's eyes widened. With a mounting sense of dread, she looked down and saw her own bare feet. One of the Barista's many tentacles suddenly pushed a cup towards her. Upon accepting it, she realized it was full of sand, the word "BARRED" written on it in place of a name. Mostly out of habit, she looked over to the Doctor, only to watch as he was handed one as well. His expression was not unlike the one he wore moments before he almost killed Gallifrey. With a brave attempt at a smile, she gently patted

his shoulder.

“An energy drink doesn’t care what you’re wearing.”

The Doctor was saved the trouble of replying by the Barista nudging them both aside.

“You’re holding up the line!”

The Doctor was still holding the tall cup of sand as he clicked his fingers. The doors flew open. Clara looked out into her own bedroom, just outside of the TARDIS. She turned around and again offered him a sheepish smile.

“So.... see you when I’m rested...?”

The Doctor reached a hand into an inside pocket and withdrew a small card. He handed it to Clara.

“Here. Housewarming present.”

It was a punch-card. One away from a free drink of her choice. Clara pursed her lips as the Doctor politely patted her head.

“Sleep well, Clara.”

The Dalek Killers: A Perfect Trio

By: An Awesome Random Anon

An adventure with Ninth Doctor, Ace, and Abslom Daak

The Ninth Doctor swings his chainsaw in a graceful arc, bringing it cleanly through a Dalek's midsection. He watches as the light in its single staring eye fades to a pinpoint; the Dalek's two halves slide apart and shatter on the floor.

"That's it, Doctor!" yells Abslom Daak, thrusting his chainsword through another one of the metal monsters. Its eyestalk bursts in fireworks of sparks. "Every last one of these stinking Daleks!"

"What, you mean like this?" Ace clutches her baseball bat, swerving it into a Dalek's side and hearing its helpless screams. She ducks under its random firing, rolling under a shot sent straight for her, then reciprocates by jamming her bat underneath the Dalek and levering it up, flipping it over. She kicks it away and the Doctor decapitates it for her; they watch its slimy green tentacles spilling out and writhing around uselessly.

"Yes, Ace," replies Abslom Daak, a smile on his face. "Exactly like that!"

"That's this room cleared," says the Doctor. "Two more to go, then we can take on the Emperor."

It's a tough task, for anyone. But never before in time and space have there been a trio of people so perfect for the task.

Ace swings her bat over her shoulder, casually sauntering forward towards the next room. "Sounds good to me. Let's do it."

Doctor Who And The Chocolate Bandit

By GODDAMN BOWTIE

An adventure with the Twelfth Doctor his companion/long-suffering carer Clara Oswald

It was another Thursday for Clara, before the Doctor had materialized his groaning, wheezing Tardis in her flat and whisked her off to the wilds of Wisconsin. Which had certainly surprised her; normally the Doctor only showed up on Saturdays, but lately he'd become somewhat erratic, perhaps because he had recently changed. Changed. Initially she'd been reticent to accept this new, older Scottish gentleman as the same man she had known as the Doctor who was so unlike the wacky younger man she had first met, then all those all those other versions in his past that she dimly remembered from what seemed to be grainy videotape memories of his past. But here she was now, looking over his shoulder at the Tardis view-screen that hung over the console on a swinging arm, as if nothing had really changed.

“But why Wisconsin?” Clara asked her scowling friend.

“The crying of a child. The Tardis picked up on it with the special maudlin circuits I installed after the Great Time War. I thought I had gotten rid of them after I regenerated into the ragamuffin you first met, but it turns out they’ve only gotten stronger since then. I really should look into getting those taken out, so unlike me these days.”

“I’ll say,” Clara offered, then scowled herself at the screen. “So who’s that bloke?”

“The crying child. Or so the Tardis thought. Really should rip those circuits out, they’re clearly malfunctioning. Never lead to anything good.”

Clara examined the image on the screen of an unkempt, abnormally thin man with a greying mop of curls on his head – much darker than the Doctor’s but in a much worse state. His black clothes bore the mark of a man who gave no thought to his appearance, the dark circles under his eyes the mark of a man who’d obviously not been satisfactorily visited by the sandman in a very long time. He was currently accosting a by-passer on the street of this Wisconsin town with the ridiculous name she couldn’t recall

even though the Doctor had mentioned just a few moments ago. The scruffy man had his victim by the lapels of his orange anorak in his crazed grip and was shaking him, babbling. The parka man tore himself free and ran, leaving the black figure to collapse, sobbing in the street.

Clara's heart melted a bit to see the man's state. "Poor chap looks like he's seen something horrible. Maybe we should talk to him, might be something alien related yes?"

The Doctor raised his eyebrows at her in disbelief, "If we spoke to everyone who looks like they've seen something awful, we'd never get away from Earth, would we? I'm not about to -" The Doctor realized he was talking to empty space behind his shoulder and looked past the screen and over the central console of the Tardis to see Clara opening the doors.

"No, don't!"

Clara stood just outside the Tardis, pulling her thin jacket closer around her slim frame as the cold bit into her and crimped up her toes in her strappy sandals. "Why not?" she tossed over her shoulder, back into the Tardis and the Doctor's lunging figure. "What's the worst that could -?"

She was cut off by the lean, disjointed figure of the deranged man as he leapt upon her and grabbed her jacket's lapels much as he had the man moments ago. Her shock and the man's attack carried her back against the Doctor, tumbling all three into the Tardis. Both the Doctor and Clara struggled to prize his grasp from her coat, leaving him sobbing on the floor of the Tardis. Mindful that other outsiders might see into his wondrous travel machine, the Doctor leapt to the console and closed the door then turned back, to the weeping figure on the floor, his eyebrows ready for combat. Clara sat on the floor beside him in disbelief as his sobs wracked his frame.

"You have no business being in here! You think you can just go about attacking people like that? You're lucky she's here or I might toss you out into a black hole!" the Doctor shouted.

"It wasn't my fault!" sobbed the pathetic figure. "They ruined it!" The Doctor could already see Clara's face warming into its sympathetic expression and sighed.

"Who ruined it, what did they ruin?" Clara asked, not without warmth.

"My script! I sent them a perfectly good telly script and they ruined it! I never want to see another

Cyberman as long as I live! They made it into a nightmare!"

Clara looked to the Doctor and his eyes opened wide, "Cybermen?! Why didn't you say so?" He leapt to the controls of the Tardis and off they voorp-voorp-voorpded.

Once in flight, the Doctor turned back to see that Clara had helped the poor man to a chair and had tossed a packing blanket over his huddled form. "Now tell me, where are we off to? We can't just let these Cybermen ruin... something. Hang on, did you say they ruined a, a script?"

Clara glowered at the Doctor for his lack of bedside manner. "What's your name then, love?" she asked the man, who's weeping was more under control but still occasionally erupting.

"Neal," he choked.

"Tell us about your script Neal."

"It was going to be scary, scary! But I got side tracked by this mad romp! Why did I ever agree to it? I-I'm a famous author – I've won awards! B-but now I can't write anything good! All my ideas sound like second rate fairy tales now! I've been on the Simpsons!" he interjected.

"Who hasn't?" the Doctor asked, "they even let Matt Lucas on during the thirty-fifth season. That hardly means anything," the Doctor said.

"O-ooh, the Simpsons!" Clara enthused, somewhat unbelievably. "Uh, was it one of the good ones?"

The Doctor felt his interest in this pathetic man's plight starting to flag, Cybermen or no, and he motioned Clara over to him for a whispered conversation. "The man's clearly mad, Clara, we should drop him back off and be done with him."

"What?! Clara whispered back, "you can't scoop him up and then not help him! What about helping your fellow man?"

The Doctor smiled patronizingly at Clara, "Fellow man?" Really? I'm not even British, and he's he's

obviously British.”

“But we’re in America, Doctor. Or we were before you sent us off.”

“Clara, you heard his accent. So he’s an ex-Brit then, probably driven mad he moved to America, after all. But still no more than a British madman with a block.”

Clara glared at the Doctor, “but I’m British too!”

“And you’re lucky I don’t hold that against you,” the Doctor offered lightly. He turned and made towards the man, no doubt to usher him to the doors.

“You were too, once, you desiccated skeleton!” Clara hissed under her breath as she went around the console after him.

“Look,” the Doctor addressed Neal in a normal tone of voice, “there’s really quite a lot of things I need to get to. I still need to remove those maudlin circuits and I have quite a lot of macrame I’ve been meaning to get to, why not --” Clara elbowed her way past the Doctor to address Neal.

“Neal, look, it was just one script, why not do another? Have you written books?” Neal sadly nodded. “There you go then! Just turn one of them into a TV show! Take one of your books, sign it over to someone and just sit back; you’ll never have to finish another book. People like books turned into something worthwhile,” she offered.

“I tried that, back in ninety-six,” Neal sighed. “Some of the actors they hired were OK, like the guy who played the angel, but it looked like a cheap BBC production – they filmed it on video!” he angrily shouted.

“Surely you have other books or scripts?” Clara tried.

“Already done so too. Mirrormask or Coraline. Surely you know them?”

“Never heard of them,” the Doctor peremptorily stated, his hand twitching a dismissive gesture, “I don’t

have time for every bit of pop culture across the millennia. I read Harry Potter for heaven's sake, what more would you have of me?"

Neal looked up, his eyes wild, "Harry Potter?! That was my idea back in 1990!!" The Doctor spun away in disgust, his patience clearly at an end. Clara rolled her eyes and asked "Just tell us where you need to go to make this situation better. And when. It might surprise you, but this is a time machine as well as a... well, a way to go places," she stumbled.

"Cardiff."

The Doctor turned back, intrigued by Neal's answer. "Cardiff you say. There has been a lot of rift activity there, or least about ten years ago. When was this?"

A slightly hopeful look played across Neal's aging face, "2013. They took my script and ruined it and I've vowed to do whatever it takes to make that Cybermen quisling pay for what he did! I want to bracket him like he's never been bracketed before!"

The Doctor's eyebrows struggled while considering this new information, his head tilting to one side. Clara came up to him, "What could it hurt taking a look, Doctor? And he did say the Cybermen were involved; maybe there's something to this. If not, we can turn around and drop him back off in Wisconsin, no one would believe his ravings, right?"

The Doctor's lidded eyes on the floor, he held his breath for a second before giving a slight shrug. "Alright, Cardiff, 2013. We'll take a look. But!" He turned back to Clara with a raised finger, "if I regret this, I'll disappear, you won't see me at least for a year!"

Clara grinned, creating her perky little dimples to either side of her perky nose. "That's the spirit!"

Following Neal's careful directions, the Tardis materialized in the parking lot of a somewhat disreputable-looking television studio in Cardiff. Neal instantly burst from the doors and ran off towards the office door, "thank you! I know exactly what I'm going to do! Thank yooouuu!" His voice faded into the distance that quickly grew between him and the tall blue box, just as Clara and then the Doctor exited. Clara looked in the direction Neal had vanished as the Doctor closed the Tardis door, "I think I best follow him, make sure he doesn't get himself into too much trouble, yeah?" Clara asked.

The Doctor nodded, “you do that, nanny. I’ll take a look around myself, see if I can spot the Cybermen or their agents. They shouldn’t be too hard to find.” He grasped Clara’s shoulder and she turned back, “and watch out for yourself, don’t go taking risks on Neal’s behalf.” Clara smiled back, “when have I ever risked myself unnecessarily?” The Doctor scowled after her, then looked about, took out his sonic screwdriver and waved its green bulb about a little, then proceeded off himself.

After about an hour, the Doctor and Clara met each other back at the Tardis. “Where’s Neal? You didn’t lose him did you? Tell me you didn’t lose him,” the Doctor said. Clara shrugged, “I followed him into the offices but he scarpered. I did try, but there were too many corridors in there.” The Doctor squinted off into the distance and put in his sunglasses which emitted a telltale buzzing sound as scanned the surroundings. “How about you, see any Cybermen?” she asked him.

“No, just a rather large and uncharismatic Welshman with the strangest hair I’ve seen this side of an Androgum. That and a lot of unhappy crew members working on some show that sounded awful.”

Clara’s brow folding into thought, “Maybe if we--” The Doctor cut her off with a theatrical gesture, “look! Here’s our Neal right now.”

Neal strolled up to Clara and the Doctor, clearly pleased with himself and a handful of chocolate bars clasped in his besmeared hand, scarfing down the sweets happily. The Doctor irritably scowled at him as Clara spoke, “Neal! Where have you been? We were starting to maybe get worried!”

Neal waved away their concerns with his other hand, which also had chocolate stains. “No worries, I’ve taken care of everything. Just look at these Galaxy bars I found in Steven’s desk!”

“Chocolate?!” the Doctor burst out, “What has chocolate got to do with Cybermen?!”

Neal looked up from his precious chocolate bars, surprised, “What? Oh, nothing at all, except that I knew Steven had some he always kept from me when I was on set. The Cyberman script’s already gone out - completely butchered with super fast running and terrible child actors, the damage done. But I just had to get my revenge by stealing his chockies! And now I have! And look - I even took his watch too!” He held up his other wrist, grinning at the shining band. “Go ahead, ask me what time it is!”

The Doctor drew a deep breath, his hands on his hips, then glowered at Clara. She winced, knowing that the trip back to Wisconsin and then her flat was probably going to be rough. She opened her mouth to reply, then left it that way for a second as she tried to think of something to say that might mitigate the situation.

“Shut up.”

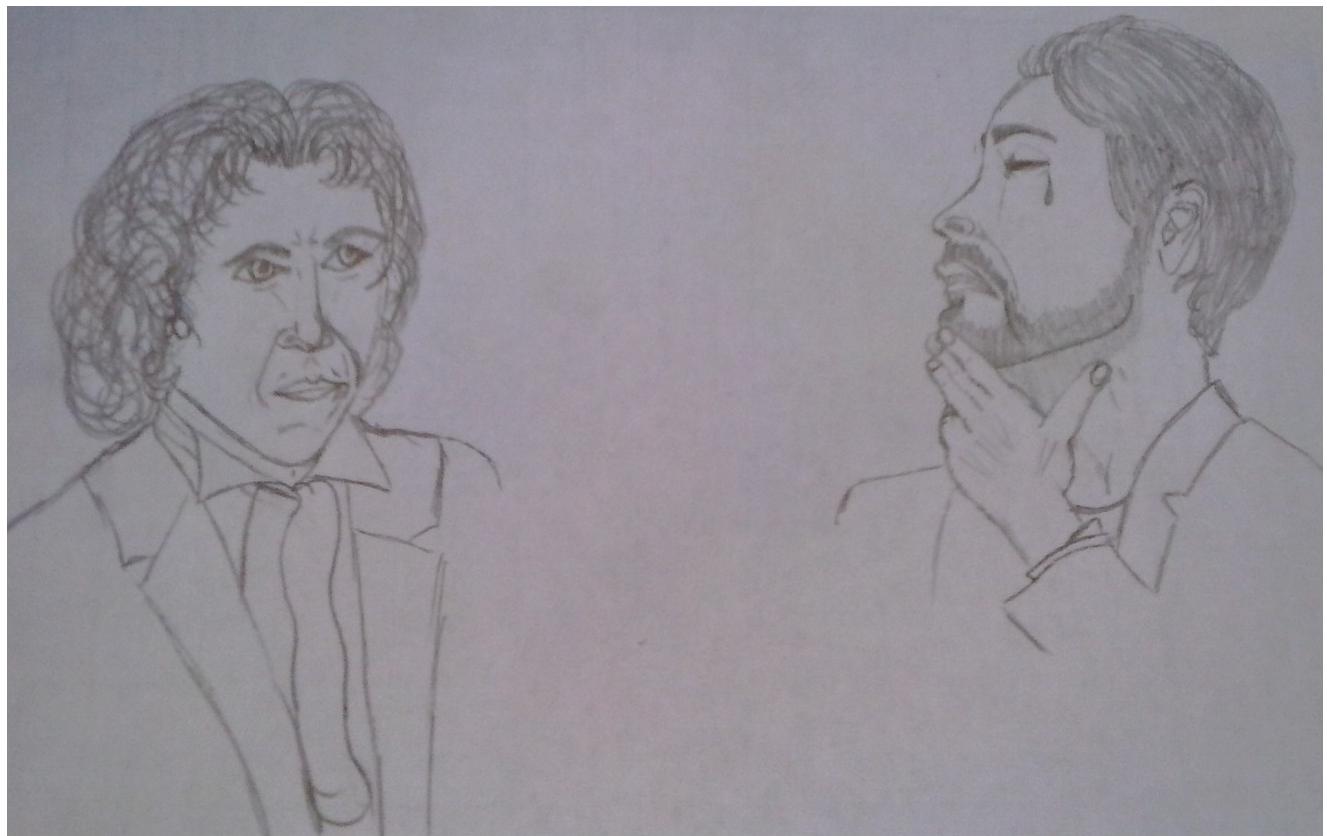
Nyssa And The Brooklyn Murders

By bookanon

A story featuring the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa

The Fifth Doctor and Nyssa are walking through a field and the grass is like blue or some sci-fi bollocks, anyway, so they're walking through the field and Nyssa is like "so Doctor let's discuss my planet and the death of my people I really have some lingering depr--" but the Doctor interrupts her by yawning very loudly. "Hey Nyssa let's go see if this planet has anything resembling Cricket" he says, already heading towards a city that's now in shot and Nyssa sighs and goes along with that because whatever I guess not like he knows what it's like to lose your planet the son of a bitch she wishes it would happen to him the smug bastard with his sportsball. Anyway. So. They're in the city, and they totally have something similar to Cricket except totally different but it has a ball well a roundish thing okay it's a five dimensional cube and it's actually very hard to look at it we're being honest. But it's there, and they get tickets, Nyssa gets what might be popcorn not like she's ever had popcorn what even is popcorn really oh the people on the one side scored a thing wheeeeeee. "Do you think anything awful will happen? You know, with us here and all?" Nyssa asks during a particularly dull section of the game that the Doctor is enthralled by. He looks at her, shakes his head, and says some stupid metaphor applying spacetime causality to this game Nyssa is baffled by. And to be fair nothing awful did happen while they were there, although after they left because Nyssa ran out of shmerplecorn the whole place had a massive greasefire oh man it was horrifying you guys should have seen it I mean wow.

Vwoorp vwoorp vwoorp the end.



Why Live?

By: catharticspurious

A story with the Eighth Doctor and Paul McGann, the actor who plays the Eighth Doctor.

Paul hit stop on the video camera. That was a wrap on the latest episode of the Eighth Doctor's adventures. The current serial was the followup to *Dark Eyes* and prequel to *Doom Coalition* (known as *Death Bloke*), and the episode was *The Dark Chamber* – spiritual sequel to *The Underground Vault* and *Something In My Basement*.

The wig tipped from his head, descending into the pile of costume items and other junk, revealing the matted mop of hair, a product of many weeks' neglect. His bleary eyes drifted across the lowly-lit basement to the stinging glow of the laptop, where the editing suite was ready for him to stitch together the new footage.

It was so easy while the camera was rolling. When it stopped, that was always the hardest part. When playtime was over, when the time to pretend that life had any meaning was over. Returning to reality. The same reality where he'd been rejected and left to rot.

The prop sonic screwdriver slid out of his hand to rest in the pile, and Paul found himself walking as if he were unreal, a mere phantom still haunting this earth, over to the chair by the computer. He sat down. His bum hurt. It hurt. Hurt.

The editing suite lay before him, but for some reason he was finding it extra hard to motivate himself to continue. What would it achieve, putting these basement episodes together? What was the point, when he'd still have to bear this pain, this anger? The used-up, spat-out, shat-on memory of a franchise's one-off American abortion, relegated to the shadows and cut cleanly from cultural history?

Why live?

“Why live?” came a familiar, youthful voice from behind him. “Well, why not?”

Paul almost jumped a foot into the air. He spun around, flailing and panicking, almost knocking the laptop to the floor. Someone was in here with him--!

“You heard it too, I suppose? Some kind of psychic echo,” said the Eighth Doctor. Make no mistake, it was he – and, Paul realised with melancholy, it was Eight in his earliest stages. Fresh out of the oven, long-haired, dressed in Edwardian get-up...just like in that *godforsaken TV movie*--

“Now how did I get here? Not that I don’t value your company, sir, but I need to get back to Charley.”

Charley? Of course. *Forget the movie*. This Eight was from just afterwards, the audio era...back when he was renewed and people turned to him for their new, innovative Doctor Who fix. The nostalgia blossomed within Paul, as the Doctor - presumably a product of his imagination - started to peer around the room. This was an odd situation, but

Paul felt he might as well enjoy it. There was something pleasant about seeing his Doctor with his own eyes, even if he wasn't real.

The room.

Oh, shit!

If the Doctor was exploring the room, that meant--

It was too late. He was about to rummage through the costume pile!

Paul shot forward and scooped the whole lot into his arms. "Ah! Sorry! This stuff, it's, er, it's all my, er, dirty laundry. You don't want to be looking at that, Doctor."

"If you say so. You know, if you drank a glass of water, you'd have a very dashing voice. Reminds me of my own, but slightly more grizzled by time. What's your name?"

"Paul. Paul McGann."

"Pleased to meet you, Paul McGann. Now, how do you know I'm the Doctor?"

Oops. Paul thought fast.

"Well, you told me when you appeared in here suddenly, but then you seemed to forget. It looked like a bout of amnesia."

The Doctor tutted. "Ah. Wouldn't be the first time. Still, not to worry. Working together is the first step to finding out what's wrong with this basement."

"Something's wrong with it?"

"Extremely. Whatever it is, it was strong enough to pull me straight out of space and time...I'm not even sure if I'm in the right universe. And it was very clearly saying the words, *why live?* I suspect it might be a case of place sentience – I've encountered it before, when an old house started this unpleasant business with a time loop in order to feed on deaths, but I won't get into that. It feels like this basement might be feeding on depression...loneliness...resentment...and it's got something to do with me?"

The idea that the basement was alive was strangely unsurprising to Paul. He'd spent countless consecutive hours in its bleak clutches by now, and like any sufficiently lived-in place, it had begun to take on a certain abstract character. More curious was the fact that the Doctor didn't recognise Paul at all – had he really let himself go that much? Actually, that was an absurd question. Of course he had. His few fans considered him consistently handsome, aging like fine wine, but his current drooping visage was still a far cry from the classical beauty that graced the early Big Finish covers. The dirt probably didn't help. Or the facial hair. Or the scalp hair.

"So do you live here, Paul?"

"Erm. Yes."

"You live in the basement. Odd choice."

"I mean, I live in the house above. I just own the basement." Paul was stung by the falsity of his own words.

"Has anything bad happened here? Any violent deaths? No, more importantly...has anyone been very sad in here, perhaps verging on suicidal?"

Swallowing, Paul answered in the negative, unable to meet his counterpart's eyes, gaze flitting about the room – when he noticed something, still lying gamely on the floor where he'd failed to scoop it up with the rest of the costume items. Right out in the open was his prop sonic screwdriver.

Oh, please, no. If the Doctor figured out what was really going on here...well, aside from the potential reality-

breaking confusion that would ensue, it would be the *ultimate humiliation*. How could he face the Eighth Doctor, his own character, and admit that this was what he'd been reduced to? Deep shame was flooding Paul as it never had before. His basement episodes, that had entertained him and even kept him sane for so long, now seemed like sources of skewering embarrassment. He had to stop the Doctor from seeing that sonic...!

"You know," the Doctor went on, absently strolling round the basement, "a psychic link like this probably isn't all that resistant to disruption. I could never do it on my own, but if I only had enough power, I could perhaps break whatever's holding me here. This feels like Earth, so I'm going to assume you don't have any advanced resonance equipment, eh, Paul?"

"I don't. Definitely none of that." Paul began to sidle towards the sonic while the Doctor's back was turned.

"In that case, tell me more about this basement. Perhaps we can answer its question together. You've got a camera in here, what have you been filming?"

Sweating. "Lectures. I'm a professor."

"Of?"

"Of theatre."

"Ah! That explains some of the clothes and masks you have scattered around the place. A very high art, theatre. Getting people together, telling them a story, symbols in action. Performing! Now that's a profession."

While the Doctor was riffing, Paul freed a hand, swiftly dove down to swipe the prop screwdriver, and concealed it behind him.

"Of course, it's a shame you don't seem to be very good at it."

Paul blinked.

"Sorry?"

"Look, it's alright. You can drop the pretense. We're all friends here."

"I - I don't know what you mean, Doctor, I really don't."

"And I suppose you don't know what that sonic screwdriver in your hand is either?"

The game was up. The Doctor was a horribly perceptive individual.

With no idea what else to do, Paul supposed he might simply have to come out with the truth - *Doctor, this is a piece of plastic that I use to pretend I'm you on personal films I shoot in my basement to help me cope with the fact I've been left out of your TV show* - and, trying not to vomit from the pressure, slowly moved the prop sonic out from behind his back.

"This...this is..."

"You don't need to tell me what it is!" The Doctor laughed joyously. "It's a sonic screwdriver - Time Lord design. You're one of us!"

Paul blinked again.

"Eh?"

"This is perfect. Two sonic screwdrivers! I can't believe the luck that I'd run into a Time Lord here - assuming you're one of the fun ones. Now, this may not work, but I've just had an idea I think I'll be rehashing years from now. Let's use our two sonic screwdrivers in tandem."

“Eh?”

“Look, man, don’t just stand there being all modest. You’re a Time Lord. Own it. I’ve never met a Time Lord who films theatre lectures in his basement, but that’s already more interesting than ninety percent of them, so what’s the issue? Just do as I do.” The Doctor, incandescent in his glory, whipped out his own sonic screwdriver and struck a majestic pose opposite Paul, pointing the device straight up.

Paul’s body seemed to move without him even willing it to. This made no sense. He knew perfectly well that his sonic screwdriver was a toy, a trinket that would never resonate with anything. And yet some part of him, buried deep down, wanted more than anything to live that glory - to *be The Doctor* once again. Perhaps, in the mad logic of this dream, that could be a reality.

He raised the sonic screwdriver, and posed opposite the Doctor as if he were a mirror - the effect was instant. It felt *good*. The shame evaporated, as if he was back in front of the camera, or back in the recording studio, or back at the conventions. It felt *incredible*. Why would he ever be ashamed of this?

Reflected before him, his mirror image, was the Eighth Doctor. Beloved by many. A hero of Paul’s own creation - one that he embodied, and one that only he represented. Perfect, young, free, no matter how many people might have forgotten him or might choose to ignore him.

The Doctor grinned. “Let’s do this together. I feel like getting out of this basement.”

Paul grinned back. “You know, I couldn’t agree more.”

Then something odd flickered across the Doctor’s face. Faint recognition, perhaps. But they both activated their respective sonic screwdrivers, the vibrant buzz of the Doctor’s subsuming the tinny electronic whine of Paul’s prop...

All of a sudden, the Doctor was gone.

It had worked.

Paul staggered back, colliding with the desk, and a fit of laughter erupted in him. Was he awake? Dreaming, still? Simply going mad?

It didn’t matter.

That dream Doctor, that magical man, had given him exactly the message he needed. The truth was so clear now. All this time he’d spent holed up, creating a bubble of his own bitterness, isolating himself...it was needless. It was a product of shame, a shame that held no meaning compared to the pure goodness and worth of being *the Doctor*.

You’re a Time Lord. Own it.

He didn’t need to be in a dark, dank basement to create *Doctor Who*. And *Doctor Who* wasn’t meant to be locked in a basement to begin with...the story had to be shared with the world!

Why live?

Why *not*? There was something only Paul could do - bring his Doctor back to the people, in any way possible. And that would mean climbing the stairs, breaking the curse of this lonely basement forever.

He pocketed his sonic, picked up his video camera and laptop, stared up those foreboding platforms with a new determination, and took step after step, upwards into a new dawn.

When he emerged from the basement, for the first time in what felt like an eternity, the house phone was ringing. He caught it just before it stopped. Was this fate?

“Hello, McGann residence?”

“Oh, good. I thought you might not answer, I was about to pack it in and go call Richard instead...Paul, are you there? It’s me, Steven. Steven ‘Cunt Destroyer’ Moffat.”

“Yes! Yes, I’m here. Sorry. What’s the situation?”

“Jesus, Paul, you sound fucking awful, are you alright? Have a glass of water. Anyway, I have an interesting proposition for you, if you can get yourself up to Cardiff for a couple of days. I was busy making my 50th anniversary masterpiece with John Hurt, as you know, when I suddenly had this great idea for a minisode...”

File #12B8C13

By: Nate Bumber

A story featuring the Parker Posey Doctor. (She's a pretty good actress. Was in Dazed and Confused. Watch It.)

Excerpt from file 12B8C13: The subject was apprehended in a church in Karachi, Pakistan, where she was found trying to demolish the wall of a church. She had no documentation and refused to give a name besides "the Doctor". After a thorough search revealed no identification, she was reported and transported to Headquarters.

"What are you calling yourselves now? UNIT, Torchwood, Countermeasures? Forge? UNISYC? Ahh, Forge it is. I saw it in your eyes." She sat back in her chair with a smug little smile on her face. Her hands were cuffed to the table, which was empty except for a strange little box that she supposed was a tape recorder. In dimension and look, it was the perfect interrogation room, the exact average of all those she'd ever visited, except for the burly man sitting across from her. His professional-looking suit was belied by his scruffy beard and hunched demeanor.

He slapped a manilla folder onto the table. How stereotypical. "Please state your name for the record."

She said, "They call me the Doctor." Or maybe it was "They called me the Doctor."

He made a note. "Yes, I've heard. Is that your only name?"

"It's what I go by," she said with a fierce pout.

"Have you had any other aliases?"

"Too many to mention."

"Oookay." He sighed and shuffled his papers. "What were you doing in Kara—"

"I plead the fifth!" she spouted.

"Ma'am, this isn't the United States. Start talking or my partner will have to get involved." He glanced at the little box significantly.

"Ooh, big Mr Bad Cop with the big stick? Nice trope." Her eyes bugged out in a disconcerting fashion, then she seemed to deflate. "Fine. I was searching for remnants of an alien invasion. In the universe I came from, a group called the Mal'akh escaped their 'Ghost Wars' against the Uvodni Alliance by starting a colony on Earth. And in the ... in one of the centuries, some soldiers in Karachi summoned one.

"But these Ghost Wars were just one front of this terrible cosmic event called the Time War; the Mal'akh had all sorts of nastiness in their history involving Great Vampires and such. So when I heard the same legend about a sacrificed boy in Karachi, I had to investigate."

"By pickaxing a church wall?" The man looked understandably incredulous.

"Oh yes. The angel supposedly appeared there; it would have left artron residue, but there was none. Just a rumor after all." The Doctor smiled happily.

"Tell me more about this Time War," the man said. It was more a command than a suggestion.

"Oh, there's no need to worry about that," she said, the corners of her mouth twisting. "It's over; it's been over for a few decades. I've fixed it."

"How'd you do that?"

She leaned back as far as she could in her chair - not far, given the handcuffs. "Very complicated. I should think it'd go

quite over your head."

He knew that, despite her words, she was eager for a chance to brag. "Try me."

"Well, if you insist," she said happily. "To start, I had to get my hands on the Skasis Paradigm. I was the first one to crack it, ever. A talking bat had given me the idea eons ago, but it still took me a while. Then I patched the laws of physics with block transfer computations and launched the new code backwards to just before the beginning of time. Rebooted the universe, so to speak, but with a few changes."

"What changes?"

"Oh, the usual. No more time travel. No more inserting yourself in the past, no more changing history. There were a ton of loopholes, but I went though and closed them all: got rid of teleportation and telepathy and hiding limbs in extra dimensions. Had to ditch my second heart and all my regeneration energy, but it was well worth it."

"That sounds like a big change to your lifestyle." He absentmindedly flipped open her medical file and confirmed that she only had one heart. "Do you ever regret it?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Don't get me wrong, living life in the right order is terribly boring. The most boring thing I've ever tried to do, actually. Absolutely terrible. But it's much better than what was happening before."

"The Time War, that is?" He didn't wait for confirmation. "What was so bad about it?"

"Well, I lived through it a few hundred times, and eventually it just got tiring," she quipped. "My race, the Time Lords, were under attack because the rest of the universe wanted their spot. Center of the universe and all that. The war would rage across all time and space, ruining everyone's day, until eventually their planet would be destroyed – like, I saved them from a Dalek invasion any number of times, but every once and a while I failed, and then I had to destroy the planet with the Moment."

"And you fought for these Time Lords?"

"Well, no. Mostly I was on their side, but at a certain point I decided they'd slighted me one too many times and I joined the Faction Paradox in revenge. Their voodoo ornaments weren't quite to my taste, but their utter and total disregard for the Laws of Time definitely was. I didn't stick with them for long – they had a nasty habit of devolving into parodies of themselves; the Sycori cult was really convinced I was their mythical founder – but it made for a few very fun regenerations."

"And with the Faction Paradox, you tried to destroy your own planet?"

"Oh no, just conquer it. But earlier in the War I'd apparently stopped the Faction from succeeding – not that I remembered, of course; the memories had been replaced with a girl named Charley and a creature called Zagreus. My past self just couldn't let the Faction seize control, oh no, that'd be too easy, wouldn't it? So past me destroyed the whole bloody world with my ship's weapons systems. Do you know how frustrating that was! I've no idea why I didn't just –"

"Wait," the man said, flipping back a page in his notes. "You earlier said you destroyed Gallifrey using the Moment, during a war against the Daleks. Was this Faction Paradox a group of Daleks, or ...?"

"No, no," said the woman. "Those were two separate incidents. Or more accurately, two distinct manifestations of the same event. Every time I lived through it, it was different. Very wibbly wobbly. Faction, Daleks, the time with the Dogma virus – that was fun – and, let's see, what were the other ones from my early days? Back when I could count my regenerations, heh. The Black Sun – silly cultists, in way over their head – and before that the Yssgaroth, I mentioned them earlier as the Great Vampires, then Melanicus and Catavolcus, Abaddon and the Chronovores and Tannis and Varnax ..."

"... how many Gallifreys were there?"

"Some said there were nine copies. I believed them, until I saw ten destroyed." The woman shrugged. "I figure there were infinitely many. Or maybe just one. What's the difference in the end? Sometimes I'd bring it back just for it to burn again."

"And every time you live through it, it's a different story?"

"Exactly right, though it was all the same event. But I'm not even sure how many times I fought in the War, because I forget every time. I think it's the nature of the conflict. Once, I ran into myself, playing a little flute right in the thick of battle against the Mad Mind of Bofawhatsit. Yet I remember doing no such thing! And I never figured out the details of what I did that time I was Time's Champion. Something to do with quantum collapse, I suspect. I remember dropping my friend off, but sometimes it was on Gallifrey and sometimes I remember somewhere ... somewhere much stranger." She thought for a second, then chuckled in a manly way. "That's how it goes with the memories – they're always replaced with something much more interesting, something that's somehow simultaneously true."

He was properly interested now. "But you said you destroyed Gallifrey? Multiple times?"

"Oh yes. Had to, to protect the universe from the consequences of the enemy's victory, whoever they were. Always a regret, but it got easier each time. Earning myself a short reprieve, I suppose! I usually found some way to bring it back in the end, or it would just pop back up by itself in a regeneration or two. I say, I remember the first few times I thought I'd escaped the War. Even went into retirement, once. Got married to the President's –"

"That's enough," he interrupted. "Thank you for your cooperation."

"Oh?" She looked a little indignant. "I was just getting to the good part!"

But the man had already pressed a button on the strange little box. "The Doctor's confession has been obtained."

In response, the entire room rumbled as if a titanic voice was screaming. The Doctor's lips began moving wordlessly, a horrible frown growing across her face.

The man stood and announced, "Doctor, you have confessed to your crimes against the Lords of Time. As such, we are seizing you as a war criminal to be used as an asset in our war against the enemy."

"No," she finally vocalized. "That's not possible."

"Physical time travel might not be, but you underestimate our ingenuity!" the man said with a rather scary grin. "We have plucked your consciousness out of time, and this entire conversation has been in your mind!"

"But I closed every loophole!" The Doctor strained against her cuffs, but they didn't yield: the room was built by her own mind; of course she couldn't escape it.

"Not tightly enough! Do not worry; you will not have a chance to fix your error. We will pull your understanding of the Skasis Paradigm from your mind and rewrite the cosmos to give us the tools to obliterate our enemy once and for all."

"You can't," breathed the Doctor. "The universe would undergo quantum collapse, a nightmare of overlapping possibilities."

"And we will emerge with powers never before seen! You will awake in a moment on Gallifrey for your trial. Goodnight Doctor."

"No!" she screamed, then all went dark.

Excerpt from file 12B8C13: At Headquarters, the women displayed thorough confusion, and after mentions of violence the doctors restrained her to a padded room at 0200. There, she began talking to herself, and recordings indicate she was potentially hallucinating. At 0234, the woman's body went limp on the floor, and, when the doctors entered, they found her pulse to be erratic. Shortly after being attached to life support, the woman died of seizure,

cause unknown.

1. END FILE

Missy, the Meme Master

By: Gallifrey_Immigrant

A story about Missy. That should have been obvious from the title, and if you don't know who Missy is, watch Series 8, you pleb.

Title inspired by a random anon

Missy was typing away at her phone device, sitting on a bench. She was bobbing to her private drum tune, and was idly considering whether to go set loose a bunch of rabid were-wolf aliens at the local special needs school, or adapt a puppy. She rather liked chihuahuas, and thought to herself how cute one would be to play with. On the other hand, seeing young people scream for their lives was also a fun time.

Eh. She would decide later.

“Mongo loves candy”, she mouthed, typing out her newest reply. Satisfied that she had caused enough chaos in the thread, she grabbed her umbrella and waltzed off the bench, humming a children's tune to herself.

Suddenly, several police men ran up to her. She looked around, and wondered if there had been a crime.

“You're under arrest for harassment!” said one man. He had a droopy mouth, beady eyes, and reminded Missy of a Rottweiler.

“I don't remember harassing anyone!” said Missy. It was quite true—she might have gotten angry a few women who cut her off in traffic earlier, but she hadn't harassed them. In fact, she had been perfectly polite while blasting the women to bits.

“You incited a riot at the apartment where you live!” said another man. He sounded like a duck, so Missy named him Donald.

“Donald, that wasn't a riot,” said Missy. (It wasn't her fault that her insanity machine accidentally upset some people).

“My name's not Donald. And all your neighbors began attacking each other. Witnesses said they heard you whooping and hollering, saying 'Now, this is a party',” the man said.

“Is Donald always like this?” asked Missy. The other cops looked at each other in confusion.

“Maybe we have the wrong person. Is this yours?” asked Donald. He produced a long black tube, with a red button that said “Push the button, monkey!”

Missy leaned over, and let out a long sound of “Harrumph!” Then, she pressed the button with a gloved red finger.

“Stop her!” said the man who looked like a rottweiler. However, they soon realized that nothing was happening.

“Oh, it's not mine. I would never make something that doesn't work,” said Missy. A part of her mind worried how many replies her posts had gotten.

“Erm, well”, said Donald. “We found it in your apartment.”

“Maybe someone planted it, Donald” offered Missy helpfully.

“My name's not Donald,” said Donald, as he pressed the red button.

Suddenly, he began to scream. He dropped the tube, and began frothing at the mouth.

“Oh! I forgot a teensy little detail about that device. It only reacts to a human's biodata. Should've have mentioned it earlier,” said Missy. She rolled her eyes, as the police men were ignoring her. They were too busy being affected by the signal pulsing out of the device.

“MONGO LIKES CANDY!” snarled Donald, who tore off his shirt, and began attacking his fellow police.

“LOOKS LIKE HE'S REEING NOW!” said the Rottweiler man, pointing at Donald, who was biting someone.

“Fine then. I’ll go some where I’m wanted. Go bother some black people, or whatever you policemen do,” said Missy.

She skipped and hopped away, and wondered what else she could do. Oh yes, her phone! She checked her messages. 10 replies, all accusing her of “messing up the thread” and accusing her of being someone else. Wonderful!

She passed by an old lady she recognized, Sally Plum or something, and waved. Sally waved back, and was about to talk, when Rottweiler man (who must have gotten tired of his police friends) rammed into her, and began banging their heads together. Sally threw him off, and ran.

“OH, CATS! RUNNING AWAY?” snarled Rottweiler man happily.

“I’m not Cats! My name is Jonathan!” said Sally.

“USING ONE OF YOUR FAKE TRIPS, CATS!” said the man, who chased after Sally.

Missy felt a little guilty, at how proud she was of the whole situation. After all, it wasn’t just her genius that had created the mental meme—she couldn’t have done it without the help of the trolls of all the threads she followed.

Plus, Sally was a nice human, if a little stupid.

Nevertheless, it wouldn’t matter. The meme would die out in a few days, and everyone would go back to normal. Everyone who survived, anyway. By that time, the meme would have spread throughout the entire city.

Missy twirled around, and hummed to herself. As 2 people beat each other to death in front of her, screaming “CATS!” to each other, Missy decided to make a mental note to buy a puppy.

Danny's Story

By bookanon

An adventure with Danny Pink (what a surprise!), and Rigsy.

So Danny's sitting on a bench muttering about how he was a soldier when this young man, practically a kid, walks up to him.

'Touch my butt', the kid says.

'You what', replies Danny, very confused.

'Touch my butt, you're clearly gay, people on the internet say so.'

Danny nods slowly, considering this revelation. 'Well, okay, sure. I'm Rupert "Danny the Manny" Pink. What's your name?'

'I'm...uh, hold on, lemme look it up...' the kid says as he taps at his phone. 'Rigsy, right, I'm Rigsy. Flatline. Yeah.'

'Uh...huh', mutters Danny, before saying louder, 'so where do we do this butt-touching, then?'

Rigsy replied 'I don't know, I get the feeling bookanon is just pulling all of this out of his ass, so just do that to me but it reverse.'

'Danny nodded, again considering this. "...Bookanon?" he asked.

'Don't worry about it, Rupert', Rigsy answered with a smirk, 'just commence the butt-touchery.'

Danny chuckled. 'I used to be a soldier, you know.'

'And now you're a PE teacher, right?'

Danny takes off his jacket while Rigsy helps him with his belt. 'Wow, this is lewd', says Danny.

Rigsy looks up, having gotten his pants around his ankles. 'Well duh, it's an erotic fanfiction, it's supposed to be lewd, right?'

Danny, breathing heavily, replied 'Yeah but I mean this could be about Zoe, or Peri, or Molly...'

Rigsy, inspecting Little Rupert, suggested 'or Clara, she's a qt3.14.' 'Clara? Clara Who?' Danny said with a laugh. 'Some Ali lewd would be good, nobody cares about her.'

As Rigsy absent-mindedly knocks Danny's sack around, he mumbles 'That's because nobody's read The Beast of Babylon...

'A look of horror briefly crossed Danny's face, before he accepted that there would always be horrible people in the world, that's why he used to be a soldier.'

'I used to be a soldier', he said, as Rigsy suckled his ding-dong.

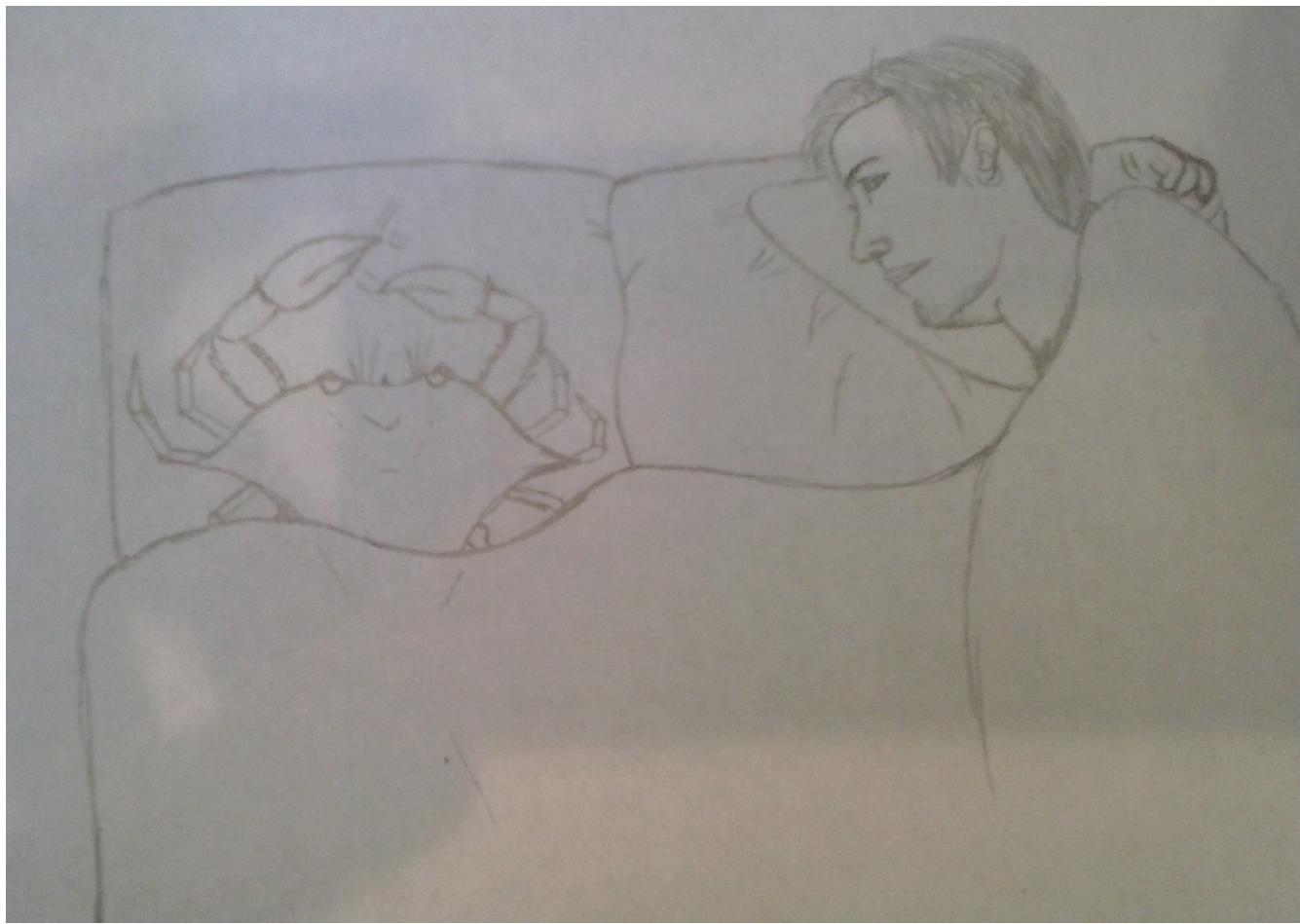
'Ah noh', he said, through the dick. He released Little Rupert from his grasp.

'Weren't you supposed to touch my butt?' he asked. Danny shrugged, tapping Rigsy on the butt, before doing a masterfully athletic flip over him right into the nearby river, rising up on a prototype submarine.

Danny pulls out a pair of sunglasses and puts them on. 'I used to be a soldier, Rigby, you know that. But I'm not a PE teacher...' He turns, pulls his sunglasses off dramatically, and tosses a calculator to Rigsy,

'I'm a maths teacher.' Suddenly a car flies in from the skies above and collides with Danny, sending him down, down into the water.

'Huh, Dark Water', says Rigsy, before turning and walking home.



Crabs

By: Gallifrey_Immigrant

An adventure featuring the Ninth Doctor and Ali. If you don't know who Ali is, then read Beast of Babylon. It's a short story, so no excuse.

It had been a terrible idea coming to this party. My friend Jeff had told me that I needed to go out more ("You'll never get a girlfriend if you keep indoors, Allan"), and after some complaining from me, he dragged me to some place he got invited to. Soon, he was off somewhere chatting up a girl, and I was looking around at all these unknown faces, desperately praying for the exit.

That's when I saw Ali. The first thing that struck me were her eyes. She had to be wearing contacts or something, because they were the deepest shade of purple I had ever seen. Her hair was a medium-long cut, except for two small strands of hair that stuck out like a bug's antenna. She kept on looking at her watch, like she waiting for someone. I briefly made a move toward her direction, but then bumped into someone, who dropped their soda.

"The hell, dude? Watch where you're going! Who do you think you are? I spent so many years protecting the country, and this is the respect I get when I return? For all those years digging wells! Man, screw this party," said the man, who charged off crying.

I was so stunned by that outburst, that I decided to just go back to my self-made bubble. I backed up, and crashed into someone else. I turned around, and saw Ali.

"New here?" said Ali. She had a cute smile, and her voice sounded soft, with a hint of Irish to it. Her red dress matched her red hair. Her teeth had little small fangs in them, and come to think of it, all her teeth looked a little sharp. I stuttered out something.

"Don't worry. I'm new too. My name's Ali. My friend dropped me off here. Probably got in a fight with some sentient bananas," she said.

"Yeah, exactly. Those, um, bananas..." I replied, not sure if this was some joke I was missing.

Her eyes were staring at something behind me, though. I turned, and saw that some girl holding a plate filled with lobster. Ali's face suddenly lighted up. She stomped toward the girl, and threw the plate out of the girl's hand.

"Uh, what's your problem? I was eating that," the girl said.

For a brief second, Ali's skin seemed turn red and scaly. It was just my imagination, though.

"You were eating that person! You were eating its dead body!" cried Ali. She launched at the girl, and soon there was a cat-fight on the floor. Ali began viciously landing blows to the girl's chest, and her fingernails must have been really

sharp, because she was actually ripping the shirt open. I decided enough was enough, and tried to push Ali off the girl. Ali actually threw me to the floor. She looked back, and her face went from rage to remorse. With a shake of her head, she went outside.

“It’s just a sea animal, you fucking Ariel!” cried the girl as Ali walked out. I decided to go out after her.

It was harder catching up to her than I expected (I passed by the guy who I had spilled soda on earlier, who was rocking back and forth, saying “My wells” over and over again.) She was quick for her short legs, and I was out of breath as I asked her how she was doing.

“I didn’t mean to outburst like that,” said Ali. Her purple eyes seemed to glow in the moonlight.

“Are you like, a vegan or something?” I asked.

“What’s a vegan?” she asked. After a pause, I realized she was serious.

“A vegan is someone who doesn’t eat meat. Please don’t be offended, but are you from another country?” I asked.

“I’m a teensy bit farther away. Nah, I’ve eaten meat before. It’s just that where I come from, crabs aren’t just animals. They’re respected as people, basically,” Ali said. Her face unconsciously bobbed up and down as she thought, her antenna-hairs moving with it.

“So, like pets? Or, like gods? Like the Hindus with cows?” I asked.

“Sort of. It’s something between those two. But, it was still wrong of me to react. My friend—the one who left me here—tells me I have to get used to different cultures. It’s hard—I’ve got a bit of an angry streak. All the women in my family are like that,” said Ali.

“You don’t seem too bad,” I said. Ali laughed, and for a brief moment, something changed. I saw something.

“Thanks. But I’ve done some bad things. My friend didn’t speak to me for a long time, because of something I did once that was really bad,” Ali mused. Her face twisted, and she involuntarily shuddered.

I didn’t know what to say, so we walked in silence. Cars passed us by, and across the street, I could see an unkempt man with a bird-hat on his head, with a sign that said “Will pay 50.00 dollars an hour and get rid of student debt to kill a man called John Smith.” I shook my head internally at the crazy guy, and he glared at me, like he could tell what I was thinking.

“Anyway, I’ve got to go home. I’ve got stuff to do,” I said. I didn’t really, but I didn’t quite know what to do from here.

Ali smirked at me, and said “I don’t like when people lie to me, and I don’t like when they do it badly.”

“W-what do you mean?” I said.

She stepped closer to me, till we were face-to face. Her purple eyes seemed to turn into slits.

“You don’t really have anything else to do tonight. You’re just trying to get rid of me, aren’t you? Got something better to

do than hang with me?" she said. Her breath raked my nose, and reminded me of how lobsters smelled.

"Not really," I said, feeling intimidated by this girl.

"Well, then, what are we waiting for?" she said, and grabbed my arm.

Most of the rest of that night was a blur. Somehow we ended up being chased by dogs, and then statues (I might have been drunk that time.)

Somehow we ended up in my apartment

Somehow her mouth ended up on mine.

I remember what happened next very clearly.

I woke up to a knock on my door.

"Ali? Are you in there?"" called a voice from outside. It sounded kinda British.

Dammit. I wondered if that was her boyfriend, or since he sounded older, maybe her father. I would be screwed. I turned over to wake Ali up, and screamed.

Instead of the beautiful redhead that had jumped into bed with me, there was a giant crab in my bed.

It opened its eyes, and, in Ali's voice, said "Oh, hello. Good morning."

At that, a man in a leather jacket walked in. He had a potato chip bag in his hand, and his overall stance was confident, to an almost scary level. Instead of screaming at the crab lady, he said "Ali, your perception filter turned off!"

"Oh crap!" she said. Suddenly, the crab looked like Ali again.

"What the fuck?" I said.

"It's hallucinations from the drugs you took," said the man quickly.

"I didn't take any drugs," I said.

"Well then, there's your problem," said the Doctor.

"Is that your dad?" I asked Ali. I wasn't sure what was going on, but Ali looked mortified.

"No. He's the Doctor," said Ali.

I met his stare, and was suddenly really happy it wasn't her dad.

"Ali", said the Doctor. "What did I tell you about interfering too much with the timeline?"

I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, but Ali suddenly scoffed.

"A little bit hypocritical there? I was just having a bit of fun. And you forgot to show up!" said Ali. She grabbed her dress from the floor.

"That's just because you're impatient. We time travel—so what if I get to my destination a measly 10 hours late" said the Doctor. He momentarily glared at me, and I involuntarily winced.

She rolled her eyes, and continued picking up her clothes. I blinked, because for a second, it looked like she had claws.

"Your perception filters going out again. We need to leave," said the Doctor.

"What's the rush?" said Ali. She looked back at me, and gave a sad smile.

"Bye, Allan. It was nice hanging out with you. I Had a good time," said Ali. Her antenna hair was drooping.

"You can stay a little longer, if you like," said the Doctor.

"Really? I like this place a bit. It is a little weird. Can you believe they eat crabs?" Ali said.

"Forgot to warn you about that," he said.

I wondered to myself if he came from the same weird place she did.

The Doctor looked at me, and said "Weirder."

"Someone stole my crisps!" cried a man down the hall.

"Remember what I said about you staying here? I lied. We need to go," the Doctor said. He threw the potato chip bag in his pocket.

Ali sighed, and said "Again?"

The Doctor shrugged, and replied "He wasn't eating them. Seemed like a waste of good crisps."

"Fine! Goodbye, Allan," Ali said, to me, kissing me on the cheek.

Jeff came to the door, and pointed at the Doctor.

"I got him! He's the guy who stole your chips! You're not getting away," said Jeff.

"Sure I'm not. Just give me a sec," said the Doctor, who grabbed Ali's hand and ran out the window. No one could have survived that jump, but somehow they got away.

I never saw Ali again, though I would often think of her. Later on, I found out that I had some sort of weird flu. It was harmless to humans, but the weird thing is, it's only found in crabs.

Wasting Time

By: Ben Saunders

An adventure featuring the Third Doctor and the Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart

"What is it this time, Brigadier?"

The Doctor looked up from his cluttered desk to his most amiable side-thorn, the stiff-upper-lipped Brigadier Alistair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart. Proudly displaying the uniform of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce which he seemed to never take off, he briefed the Doctor urgently, yet with composure.

"Blackouts all across London and central England. No explanation, no pattern, no problems reported by any power stations in the area."

The Doctor looked plussed, while clearly trying to look nonplussed.

"Well that's very nice my old chap but I have much more important work to tend to than a few random power cuts."

"But Doctor these are all over the center of the country. And spreading! Important work is being disrupted, much more important than your incessant tinkering, and all power stations are reporting higher than average output. Even the new hydro plant by the Serpentine."

"What could possibly be more important than my freedom?"

"The new anti asteroid space laser the boys have been working on for so long is finally ready to be tested and launched. The longer that takes, the longer we are vulnerable to strikes."

"Strikes from who exactly, might I ask?"

"Asteroids of course. Meteors. They say there's one making a very close pass in a few weeks and I am

very keen on playing it safe."

"You, playing it safe?" the Doctor smirked. "Well alright, I'll take a look. I've been needing a break anyway."

They sat down at a large table with a map, some sandwiches and some earl grey tea. The Doctor munched away at his sandwich, surveying all of the available data, clearly deep in thought. He took a sip of tea and breathed a slight sigh. The Brigadier studied the Doctor's expression carefully. He knew by now to give him time to think, to mull over the options. He recognised the hint of an idea brewing in his old friend's features. When The Doctor finally spoke, the words that came out were both somewhat expected and just what Alistair feared. "My word", The Doctor remarked. "These sandwiches are delightful! Who made these?"

The Brigadier rolled his eyes, suppressing the instinct to bark what he was about to say, instead passing through gritted teeth: "Doctor the out-a-ges, if you please."

The alien smiled. "Well clearly whatever power is behind this is using some sort of time/space condenser to cover up the size of their operations and buy themselves more time.", he stated authoritatively.

"Clearly." the Brigadier responded, clearly unconvinced.

The doctor lifted his hand from his face, almost clicking his fingers. "They must be operating from within that old abandoned warehouse, just by the generator plant! That must be why the blackouts are happening! They're stealing all the power!"

"Really?!" Lethbridge-Stewart tried to hide his excitement, before nonchalantly asking "Are you absolutely sure of this, Doctor? I mean. The whole idea is totally preposterous. Surely it's against the laws of physics."

"My dear Brigadier, according to all known laws of aviation, there's no way that a bee should be able to fly!"

The Doctor and the Brigadier took The Whomobile down to the warehouse by the lakeside, where the enemy's base of operations must lie.

"I still think you're wasting my time", asserted the Doctor.

"I assure you Doctor these blackouts are too random to be... er, random."

"Quite. Shall we look inside, then?"

The Doctor threw open both doors of the barn, ready for whatever he might see inside. Ready to run, ready to fight. Utterly ready.

The Brigadier stared into the barn in wide-eyed disbelief.

The warehouse was empty. Completely empty. The Doctor shook his head, took out his sonic screwdriver and pretended to take a reading.

"Empty. Completely empty. I told you it was nothing. Blackouts happen, you know. Many things happen, quite often, which have nothing to do with invasion, bug-eyed monsters or tin robots, you know. Perhaps you should take a couple of weeks off, eh old chum?"

He threw his screwdriver into his other hand, pocketed it, and walked away from the positively red-faced Brig.

Sometimes blackouts are just blackouts.



**WARNING: FOLLOWING STORY
EXTREMELY GRAPHIC**

The Stone Revolution

By Random Demented Person

A story featuring the Sixth Doctor and...actually, are you sure you wanna read this? It gets REALLY weird at the end. Really, it gets really graphic, and sickening. Just...don't eat while reading.

The ancient groan of the TARDIS sung down the corridor, its wheezing tones creeping into cracks and holes in the thick stone. The sound reached a family of mice living deep within a load-bearing wall and interrupted their sleep. The children mice had difficulty sleeping for weeks after that, until eventually their father figured out the solution. He ate them. Eternal sleep for the baby mice. Wake no more.

A man stepped out of the ship, now that it had finally finished dramatically materialising. He wore a vibrant patchwork coat, which seemed to possess every colour in existence and some that had yet to be discovered. The man gripped the lapels of his colourful coat and looked up and down the dank, damp corridor. While he searched his surroundings, he shook his hands so that the already eye-grabbing material shimmered and swayed like waves of the ocean. He did this just in case anybody was watching from the shadows, and on the off-chance their attention wasn't drawn to him already. It occurred to him that even shaking his extravagant jacket with such intensity might not be enough to draw somebody's attention, as it was so dark in this stinky corridor. To combat this possibility, the man began to emit strange sounds from his mouth in addition to the coat-shaking.

'Look at me,' he squawked like a bird. 'Please.'

'Doctor, what arre you doingg?', came a drawl from within the TARDIS.

'Oh nothing you would understand,' he snapped back, and began spinning wildly in the corridor and screaming.

A woman stepped out into the door frame of the big blue box. She continued to speak in her obviously fake American accent, but the Doctor's screams easily blocked her out. She talked on anyhow. Her name was Peri. Months ago she'd made the mistake of introducing herself to the Doctor as an American, and was now too embarrassed to reveal the truth. The Doctor, of course, saw through her accent immediately, but it amused him to see how long she'd keep it up for.

The Doctor's screaming and spinning only came to a stop once he became so dizzy that he collided with the stone wall and crashed to the floor.

A friendly hand reached down to help him up, but the Doctor slapped it away and screeched 'I don't need your help, Peri! REEEE!!'

He stood up and came face to face with the person who had offered him a hand. Their skin was purple and peeling and they had several teeth jutting up from their lower jaw and spanning most of their face.

'Peri,' the Doctor said. 'Oh what large teeth you've got.'

'That's not me,' came Peri's shrill voice from behind him. 'This isn't relevant to the situation but would you like me to sing the American anthem?'

The creature that wasn't Peri began to emanate a low growl.

'Not now, Peri.'

'Oh okay but I definitely know the lyrics,' she replied. 'I know all of them because I am an American.'

It occurred to the Doctor that this purple freak could bite him to death. It also occurred to him that it's possible the creature couldn't see past its own teeth, and wasn't even looking at him. He didn't know which scared him more.

'Hey dude,' the monster said. 'Please help us.'

'Us?'

'Yeah. Our society is all like... fucked up. Um, the government is mean and stuff. We want to start a revolution. Are you good at that kind of thing?'

The Doctor noticed that the purple person's teeth were so long that they had to close their eyes whenever they spoke. Even then the sharp teeth jabbed at their eyelids with each syllable. Tears were already threatening to spill out. The Doctor thought this was funny so he pretended not to understand and got them to rephrase the question numerous times.

Eventually he barked a short laugh and said 'Alright, I've had enough. Lead the way, I'll radicalise whoever you point at and we can topple your government before lunch.'

The thought of lunch made the Doctor's stomach growl and his loins stir, even though Time Lords didn't really need to

eat.

The purple person led the way down the stone corridor, bumping into walls because their eyes were filled with tears and blood. The Doctor followed close behind, and Peri begrudgingly followed him. She had started listing all the states of America. Earlier, in the TARDIS library, she'd prepared for this by writing them all on her forearms. But now, in the poor lighting, she was having trouble reading it.

'Oh and then of course there's...' she persevered. 'Mini Sofa?'

The Doctor felt right at home walking down identical corridors for twenty-five minutes, but Peri wasn't quite so accustomed to it so she found herself lagging behind and almost out of breath.

Luckily for her, it sounded like their destination was only a short distance away. She could hear the distinct sound of muffled voices. But before they reached them the Doctor halted, and Peri and the purple person stopped too. They watched as he looked down a dark, side-corridor and sniffed loudly. Peri asked him what he was doing but he merely put a hand up to silence her and continued to flare his nostrils.

Finally, he seemed to get the result he was looking for.

'You go on ahead without me,' he said, without looking at Peri.

'What?' she began to whine. She didn't want to have to go into some room full of ugly aliens. But she pretended it was about something else. 'But Doctorr, I don't know what to do! I cahn't start a re-vo-lu-tion.'

'Sure you can,' the Doctor said, but he wasn't really listening. Once he caught scent of whatever it was he had smelt, there was no distracting him. 'I'll only be a minute.'

With that the Doctor disappeared into the darkness. Peri shouted in a way that she thought was very American but to no avail. She heard the Doctor's footprints fade away down the side-corridor. She looked at the disgusting purple alien, who merely shrugged, and she sighed deeply.

Meanwhile, the Doctor continued his trek. He was in complete darkness but it didn't matter. His nose had locked on to its target, he didn't even need his other senses. Regardless, when he finally reached the chamber at the end of the corridor he fumbled his hand across the stone wall until he found a light switch.

Now lit up, the Doctor could see the room was quite small. It had dozens of brooms leant against the walls and a couple of other cleaning utensils like a bucket and some spray bottles or whatever. The Doctor basically didn't give a shit about any of that, his eyes were glued to the object in the centre of the room.

A pie.

It was fresh, and sat invitingly atop a small wooden stool.

Licking his lips, the Doctor stormed towards it. Resting lightly on top of the pie was a piece of paper, and on the paper it said something like 'please don't eat my pie it took me hours to make'. The Doctor laughed.

'Fuck off, janitor,' he said, snatching the paper and throwing it to the floor. 'This pie, along with every other pie in the entire universe, belongs to me. You stupid idiot'

The Doctor laughed again, imagining the look on the janitor's face if he was there right now. He sort of wished the janitor was there. Then he could kick him in the shins a few times, and eat the pie anyway. Thinking about this pumped the Doctor up and he started kicking the brooms around the room as hard as he could, until they were all in a stupid mess. He laughed even harder at the irony of the janitor cleaning up this mess.

But, inevitably, his eyes went back to the prize. The pie prize.

He stepped towards it, fingers outstretched and wiggling in excitement. But before he reached it, he paused. The note on the floor had caught his eye momentarily. Specifically the word 'eat'. The Doctor thought of something, since he was so brilliant and clever and a real super genius smart guy.

'Okay,' he giggled. 'I won't eat your pie.'

The Doctor's wiggling fingers retreated from the pie and instead unzipped his stripey yellow trousers. He reached inside and pulled out his six inch cock. It was already mostly hard. He found it impossible not to become aroused in the presence of pies. But he needed it fully erect for what he had planned, so the Doctor gripped his shaft with one hand and slowly began moving it up and down. His foreskin slid backwards and forwards, with his eyes locked on the delicious, creamy pie in front of him. The Doctor's cock went from floppy to rock-hard, each stroke had brought it closer and closer to its final form.

The Doctor sneered. He stepped forwards and gripped the stool, holding it steady with the palm of his hand, and holding the base of his cock with his other hand. A drop of pre cum glistened on the tip, and he drew it closer and closer to the pie. Just before it made contact, the pre cum slid down the head and dripped off, pulling a long string along with it. The Doctor paused his forwards movement in order to watch this. He watched as it lowered down, like Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible, and halted right above the surface of the pie.

After a few seconds, he pushed down on his cock with his thumb so that the pre cum would finally make contact. It hit the soft surface and the pie absorbed it hungrily.

'There's plenty more where that came from,' the Doctor huskily whispered.

The sound of his own voice pushed him over the edge. He became so turned on that he could no longer drag this out. In one swift motion the Doctor thrust his hips forwards and engulfed his cock in the warm pie. The motion was so fast and hard that he almost sent the pie flying off of the chair. But the pie held on, it took his length all the way to the balls.

The warm, creamy sensation was very familiar to him. Although, relatively new. Because the Doctor had never had sex in any of his previous lives (no, not even with Susan's grandmother. Looms are canon) but something had gone wrong during his previous regeneration. It felt different. And when the Doctor came to, he realised that that feeling had persisted. It had transfigured itself into a fixation, into a deep need that could never be fulfilled. An insatiable hunger for pies. At first he had been content with just eating them, that seemed to work. But it wasn't long until that no longer had its desired effect. And that's when the Doctor, with some guidance from BBC documentaries, discovered sex.

None of this mattered to him at the moment. None of it was going through his head. In truth, his head was empty, silent. The room was silent too, save for the moist slapping sounds and the deep, guttural grunts.

The Doctor fucked the pie for a long time. So long that he no longer felt he could judge the passing of time. Which was a pretty big deal because he's a Time Lord and all. Anyway, he fucked it for a really long time and he enjoyed it a lot.

Another man walked into the room.

'What the fuck,' this new man yelled. He had a big stupid moustache and was wearing a dark green uniform. 'What are you doing to my pie!!'

It was at that point the Doctor realised who this intruder was. The janitor. That was too much for the Doctor. He had been on the edge for awhile now, but the fact that he was fucking the janitor caused him to erupt in pleasure, shooting spurt after spurt of his cum deep inside the pie. Of course, at that point the pie wasn't even really a pie any more. It was just a big white mess on a stool. The Doctor's own white mess blended in so well that you couldn't even really see it.

He stood up straight, absolutely spent. He brushed the creamy blobs off the front of his trousers with the back of his hand, before pushing his once-again floppy cock into his trousers and zipping up.

As he strode out of the room, he caught the janitor's eye, who was simply standing there with his mouth agape, shocked.

'She's all yours,' the Doctor quipped, clapping the man on the shoulder.

His laughter could be heard some minutes after he was actually gone, echoing down the long, dark corridor.

Back in the TARDIS, the Doctor lazed around with his feet up on a chair and read a cookbook. One day, he'd understand its contents and finally unlock the secret to unlimited pies.

At some point the fake American walked in and interrupted. She looked like a total mess and was whining about how she had to overthrow some alien government all on her own.

'Happy Christmas, Peri,' the Doctor said.

'What? What the hell are you talking about?'

'Happy Christmas,' The Doctor repeated, before turning and looking directly into the camera. '...to all of you at home!'

Interlude: What the Hell Was That?

“What the hell type of story was that?” said the man. His eyes was aghast, and I had decided to never eat a pie. Ever again.

“All these stories are of things that have happened, or will happen, in this verse or the next,” said my grandmother. “I’m only here to remind you of the breadth of your experience. However...illicit it was.”

“I certainly don’t remember doing *that* to a pie!” said the man. “Why should I care about a universe where I am capable of that?”

“I could have shown you worse!” said my grandmother. She never liked it when people attacked her storytelling abilities. According to her, her stories were like visions passed through her—if people didn’t like what they heard, that was not her fault. She was just the messenger.

“Perhaps you could tell us a less nasty story?” I asked her.

She shrugged, and said “I’ll do my best. Please, stay calm, Doc—”

The man coughed loudly.

“—tor. I won’t be forced by your guilt to not acknowledge your name. I know who you are, better than you do. And I know your future and your past. You are not yet unworthy of your name, Doctor of War.”

The War Doctor glared at my grandmother with the force of a sun. Heat came in from the outside, making the air sticking, and making the tension in the room unbearable.

“Call me that again, and I will leave this room,” said the War Doctor. There was no anger in his voice, and yet he whispered it like a threat.

“Very well then. Let us continue,” said my grandmother.

“Can we have a story, about a young girl like me?” I asked.

“Yes, we can. In fact, I know just the one,” said my grandmother. She fixed her glance on the Doctor.

Fuuko's Story: The Mundane Monarch

By Sad Pancakes

[Introduction to the diary]

15/08/2013

Never in my life have I ever found any interest in keeping a personal diary. Confessing my feelings and worries never was my kind of thing. Plus it's a bit cliche too, right?

But lately, my life took... An unexpected turn. I am experiencing so much things now, and I am having so much fun, that I became afraid of forgetting even one second of it. That's why I'm starting this diary today. It is meant to be read only by myself. Myself from the future, so I can remember this too fast-paced life. Maybe I'll read it by nostalgia of an era that has been taken from me one way or another. Who knows.

So hello me. I know it is you because this diary was made from an ipse-tree which grows at the obscure edges of the milky way, meaning it can only recognize my identity and thus can only respond to my will. If you aren't me but can still manage to read this, then congratulations, you are very good at exo-individuality hacking.

Do I need to introduce myself to, well, myself? Seems stupid and yet I feel like I must go through this stage. Maybe so I can remember what my life was like at the time of writing? Okay, sounds like a good enough reason.

My name is Fuuko Ferrino. 20 years old, living in England. Half-japanese, half-italian, no job, no studies, still a bit of optimism left. Lately I've been trying to survive financially as I have recently taken my first apartment. Independence has a price, but I really, really wanted a place for myself only.

I needed some kind for miracle if I wanted to stabilize my life, and that's actually what happened: An army of killer robots fell from the skies and besieged every public swimming pools in the name of a vengeance against reptilian people that inhabited Earth millions of years ago.

...Which doesn't really look like a miracle, I know. It barely sounds like a coherent sentence either, but we'll have to get used to that.

Anyway, for a week the entire planet suffered an embargo on chlorinated water. It made the news for roughly two hours, at which time this celebrity I never heard about before announced his transsexuality. The robot siege has since then been considered as a giant happening orchestrated by contemporary artists. To be honest, I quickly forgot about them too. In doing so, I almost missed an once in a lifetime opportunity.

At the end of that week, on my way home, I got curious and decided make a detour so I could see those robots. I didn't really know what I would do with them. Probably try to have a nice chat or something. I thought it would be fun. They didn't agree and tried to kill me with high-tech sponges that could absorb all the water found in the human body. They almost got me.

And that's when the Doctor appeared.

This man saved my life. He fought the robots, scolded them like they were children, and their entire army had left Earth in the next minute.

The Doctor is charming. He knows his stuff when it comes to seduction. Too bad he's just not my type. But that night, I couldn't manage to take my eyes off him. Right after his confrontation with the robots, he tried to slip away. I briefly lost his trace but ultimately found him again. Or rather, he found me. Somehow it felt like he wanted me to follow him. That's why I say he's good at seduction.

He presented himself as a time traveller, and invited me to follow him. Long story short, I accepted the offer and since then, I have no regrets. The TARDIS, the Axons, the Telos olympics... So much incredible stuff. Way too much incredible stuff. Hence the diary. I want to describe in here everything I experienced before I forgot it because something else even more impossible happened.

Right, here we go.

[An extract, found in the middle of the diary]

24/05/16

Just got out of the French revolution. What a nightmare. Even the Doctor didn't want to go there. Yet he said it was the ninth time he landed at this period and that it had been his favorite era of Earth History for a while. "But it's like those chocolates with liqueur in it." He said. "Looks tasty. The chocolate part is delicious. And then this horrid taste comes in. You swear you won't touch this stuff ever again but time passes and you forgot what it was like. You wonder if it was that horrible or if you were just a bit difficult at the time. So you give it a second chance. But it's still crap. Rince

and repeat. It's a shame because it just LOOKS so good, and for a little moment, it actually is!"

There's nothing I can say against that, sadly. Such a well-known point of History, I was excited. But it's really dangerous. Really violent. It doesn't look like the noble fight for democracy I saw in my school books. Still, this isn't so different from most of our adventures, is it?

I don't actually have much more to say about this journey. The usual routine, really. We land, we get captured by patriots who believe we're monarchists because the Doctor somehow looks like one, we escape, we put on local clothes to blend in, we get captured by monarchists because they're not convinced by our cosplay, we escape, the TARDIS gets captured, the Doctor gets in a fight with a random bearded guy because he thought he was the Master, we find the TARDIS, we take off, I realize I forgot my keys, we come back...

I'm exhausted. I'll just take a bath so I can get rid of this gunpowder smell and go to sleep.

25/05/16

I have nothing planned for today.

I was so tired yesterday that I forgot to check if the Tivolian I made an agreement with when the Doctor wasn't looking was still transferring the money for my rent. He does, like he's supposed to this time. I don't think he'll forget to convert credits into pounds again.

A bit gutted that I so stupidly lost a set of keys in 1792, but I still have my spare, so no need to worry about that.

26/05/16

I am so furious. Guess what? The Doctor is already back. He found the bloody king of France crying in the TARDIS's storage closet. He said he couldn't bring him back to his time right now because there was something urgent he needed to take care of and that he couldn't let Louis XVI walk around in the TARDIS, so you see Fuuko it would be cool if you could look after him in the meantime, we'll go eat infra-red ice creams I promise.

Then he got away before I had time to answer. As usual.

So I'm stuck with Louis XVI in my tiny apartment that I just cleaned up. Is the TARDIS not big enough on the inside

for him or what? I know this guy has a fat ass, but still.

Damn it, I got this place thinking I could finally have my tranquility, and now I must host someone who's a couple centuries late to his own death.

27/05/16

Now then, concerning Louis (that's how I'll call him from now on), the first thing I did was to lock the door and close the shutters of every window. This way he might not be too disorientated. Obviously, he's asking questions on every piece of modern technology he can find. Even though he understands that he is in England, I'm not sure he's aware that he's in another time. He seems to simply believe that the British have very different taste in architecture. "I had no idea England was like this. You always do have to show off with your extravagance, do you?", he said.

I have no idea when the Doctor will be back (it's not like he had a way to come here at any moment, right?). I guess I'll have to try to get his majesty used to the modern world until then...

28/05/16

It's been two days since I was forced to share my place with a parasite. Still, I have to say that I'm a bit surprised by the speed at which Louis is starting to understand the 21th century. I guess that being from a less advanced time doesn't necessarily mean someone is more stupid or narrow-minded...

29/05/16

Louis isn't really bad, he's just taking up some of my space, that's all. I've been thinking about the improbable fact of having an living historical celebrity in front of you. I mean, he's too ancient for us to actually have stock footage of him, so we can only learn about his character from glorified portraits and fictionalized stories. But when we meet the real man, we're simply left in front of a... Normal guy. His noble clothes don't sparkle like they do on a painting, his manners are a bit more natural and familiar than what we would expect. This contrast should probably surprise us, but no, not really. The king of France is just like any old bloke from our time, who by the way is starting to really get at ease in my sofa.

30/05/16

Still no Doctor. The fridge is already empty. Seems a bit risky to ask my Tivolian assistant to increase the amount of

money he gives me each week. I don't want to get into trouble with fiscal control, whether British or sub-galactic.

31/05/16

I went to the store yesterday and I also took large-sized clothes at the Red Cross. Louis's current garb stink and stick out too much.

02/06/16

A turd born of divine right is still a turd. At least the basics of a modern bathroom seems mostly acquired. As is the fact that I am not a servant.

05/06/16

The Doctor's got to be kidding me. He still didn't give any sign of life. I tried to call him several times but I keep getting the answering machine. I thought that I could call all of time and space? One time I even got redirected to a robot talking with an unintelligible accent.

06/06/16

I'm not worried about Louis's ability at using high tech stuff anymore, only about his tastes. He just won't let go of my smartphone and is always using this face swapping crap.

08/06/16

Spent a nice evening with Louis yesterday. Turns out we have some things in common. He told me some stories about his childhood and how shy he was then. Royal court bullies were brutal....Not that those at my school were so different. Some things never change.

We're also both the oldest children of our families. Well, broadly speaking. He's actually the fourth child but the first three died.

With two of them so early he has no memories of them.

And none of them lived past the age of ten.

And there's also the child his father had with a former wife.

Also dead, obviously.

09/06/16

I'm now allowing Louis to go outside. I accompany him of course, to make sure he's safe. But to my surprise again, he quickly processes the things that are new to him. He's just curious and excited like a kid... A bit like I am when I'm traveling with the Doctor. Still nothing from him by the way, and it's getting a bit redundant to note that.

13/06/16

Took new clothes again for Louis. I grin like a retard every time he passes in front of me with his shirt from a girls cartoon. He must believe I'm smiling because I want to be nicer to him. Bless him.

15/06/16

My FTL microwave broke down. Damn, 25th century's planned obsolescence is even worse than nowadays.

16/06/16

Louis is an internet pro now. I only took the precaution of blocking his Wikipedia page.

24/06/16

It's been a month since Louis XVI first landed here and it's getting irritating. We had fun every now and then but lately he's been particularly annoying. Gives me the cold shoulder, cries often, talks about depressing stuff like "Being a king is too hard" "I don't want to die" "My wife won't fuck me since I gave her an heir". Urgh.

No news from the Doctor.

01/07/16

Where has the Doctor gone...?

04/07/16

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

06/07/16

I had a talk with Louis to set the record straight. He's well aware that he's being a burden here and has asked for my forgiveness... I guess he must've looked really pitiful back then because yeah, I forgave him.

But this can't continue for much longer. Even without taking into consideration the fact that the Doctor abandoned me, I can't let Louis believe he can stay in the 21th century for the rest of his life. He has to stop running away from his responsibilities, right?

08/07/16

Louis said that we should go hunting. I don't think it'll be possible.

11/07/16

This moment when you're watching TV late at night and you spot the Doctor on the stock footage shown in this documentary about the beginnings of aviation. This man must be doing this on purpose, I swear.

So much historical inaccuracies in this documentary, by the way.

14/07/16

Oh, it's the french national day today. Louis is a bit gutted to see this, even if he assured me he wasn't too opposed to revolutionary ideas.

There's this subject I wanted to talk about since some time but couldn't find a way to bring it up, and in the end he introduced it himself: Louis was waiting for his trial when me and the Doctor landed in his time. There were strong chances that he'd be condemned to death. And that's true, his head would've been cut off some months later if he didn't disappear and History stayed the same. I guess this is why he hid in the TARDIS. Also explains his recent bad moods.

I don't know what to think of this. Should I really take him back to his era if he must just wait there for his death? I wouldn't want to go back to such violent times. I know what I'm talking about, I went there almost two months ago.

18/07/16

Lately I've been thinking about going to France with Louis for a week end. We might need such a break. Plus I never went there (Actually yes, but not "there". Not "now". Oh, you know what I mean.). There might be good prices for buses going from London to Paris. I'll think about that.

20/07/16

I saw my little brother's holiday photos on Facebook. I still badly want to punch his girlfriend's ugly face.

25/07/16

I forgot a bit about the Doctor lately. Seems like I got used to this situation. Yet last night, I wondered why he still wasn't back. Maybe he's afraid. Because if he took Louis XVI back home, it would like taking him to his execution. And it's not really something the Doctor would like to do.

It's probably not something I'd like to do either.

26/07/06

Louis is watching some Youtuber's videos which he finds absolutely hilarious. Not my cup of tea, but I gave up on trying to give some standards. He was laughing so loudly at one point I told him he would manage to laugh his head off.

...

I don't think he could hear me anyway.

29/07/16

Just got back from France. Normal France, the 2016 one. Yeah, we finally did this week end on a whim. It was rather cool too. Summer holidays aren't so bad.

So we took a bus to Paris, went through the Chunnel. I had to make Louis understand that France and Britain weren't at war anymore. It was probably the hardest thing for him to get his head around since he arrived in the 21th century. It kept us busy during the whole trip.

On Saturday we did what regular tourists would do. Visiting moments, taking photos, trying to avoid scammers and thieves, and so on. Louis tried to recognize familiar places, but it seems that Parisian streets have changed a lot since his time. "I know that place!" "Hold on, this isn't supposed to be like that, where are we?" I know this feeling ever since I started to travel with the Doctor. You realize just how fast the world is changing, how unique and ephemeral the places and atmospheres you love so much actually are. Everybody realize that sooner or later in their life.

When discovering the greatness of the universe through time travel, I first thought that I was an absolutely invisible and irrelevant point of existence. But to see that the place in which I grew up would disappear so easily and silently made me realize that there is a world that only I truly know, a world in which only I have lived in. Such a unique world, whether it is Fuuko's 21th century England, or Louis XVI's 18th century France, is then infinitely valuable.

But back to the subject. Because guess what happened that day too? Miraculously, despite all the changes that Paris underwent since my last visit two hundred years ago, I found my keys! Simply hidden behind that fake wall on the Ile de la Cité we used with the Doctor to infiltrate a patriot meeting, and where I also left my sandwich. What an airhead I am. They're a bit useless now though, since they're all rusted out.

The next day, we went to the Palace of Versailles. Louis wanted to pay a visit to old home. We took a guided tour, and it was just hilarious to see Louis yelling at the guide for her inaccuracies and telling her how life back then really was. The other tourists must have thought he was a fat nerd who was making a scene. Meanwhile I was gasping for air laughing like a maniac. Best memory of the week end.

After that we sat down in the gardens and Louis told me a lot of stories about the place. It was a great, fun and relaxing afternoon. I will never be able to look at Marie-Antoinette the same way again.

04/08/16

Bathroom cleaned. I wonder if the pubes of a two-hundred years old king would sell well on eBay.

07/08/16

Louis said he wanted to go home. At least so he could be with his family.

I said I didn't mind having him here. That having thought of him as a parasite wasn't cool on my part. But he didn't care.

So I told him.

I spoiled History to him. The one that should have happened. The one where he dies only a bunch of months later because he is the enemy of the republic.

I feel bad for doing this. Even more so because it further motivated him to go back to 1792. Now he wants to fight, to stop hiding outside his time and to try more than ever to defend himself and save his life. He says it is his responsibility to stop injustice.

I am completely lost. Must I let him take the risk of changing history, and possibly make it worse? And if he can't change fate, must I let him run to his death?

Help me. I don't know what I should do.

09/08/16

I think Louis XVI is a nice person. I'm not saying this just because we're getting along, but because before I met him, I had a simplistic image of him, the same image that everybody has learned about in school. Louis XVI is the loser that was guillotined and who probably deserved it, this filthy monarch that stood in the way of our glorious democracy that his country celebrates every year with a parade and fireworks. But was killing him worth it?

I never really asked myself this question. Obviously, democracy is cooler than a monarchy. Nobles who try to keep their privileges for themselves aren't cool. They're bad. And we don't like bad people so we kill them, makes sense.

But Louis isn't bad. His breath might be but for the rest... He is a terribly uninteresting man. I say this as if it was a bad thing but it's really not. It's reassuring. He's not arrogant or selfish by default. There are many things on which him and I disagree but it doesn't make me want to kill him. Well, not REALLY.

He is not the embodiment of evil. He is not a man who want or can pretend to represent the entire opposition to the revolution. He is human. He is normal. He is right. He is wrong. He is nuanced and this is such a mundane thing to be.

But his trial's verdict, the one he fled to hide at my place, said he deserved to die. We killed a fat, cowardly bloke and it makes us the better society. And that's how he'll be remembered.

It's not fair. Maybe my opinion became extremely biased after all the time I spent with him, but this lame guy doesn't deserve death and even less that we pride ourselves for killing him. No one however lame they are deserves it. We should be better than that. "A king must show the moral example.". It's Louis who said it.

Or maybe I'm just looking for excuses so I can be innocent myself too.

"Fuuko Ferrino, a bitch with tasteless humor who's complaining all the time, who exploits an alien slave so she can pay her rent and avoid working, and who is so cheap she takes free clothes at the Red Cross when she could buy them. Without her, nothing of value is lost."

Is this all I'm worth too? Is this how I will be remembered? How I should be remembered?

13/08/16

I hate summer. I hate the heat. I hate not being able to undress more than I already can. I hate having to keep the windows open all day. I hate those insects who keep getting inside. Oh, I hate my neighbours too. I hate their brat who can't stop screaming, and his parents who can't stop screaming, and their dog who can't stop screaming.

It's time like these I want to live on Pluto.

15/08/16

Guess who materialized in the living room today...

It happened a few hours ago. The Doctor exited his TARDIS with an embarrassed expression he unsuccessfully tried to hide.

I spent weeks thinking about how I would scold him. But I couldn't do anything. I didn't know what I wanted. The moment I feared suddenly came and I wasn't ready for it.

Louis was ready. He quickly got dressed with the clothes he was originally wearing and asked the Doctor to bring him back home. The Doctor was visibly hesitating, but since it was Louis himself that begged for it, it made the decision easier... Of course it was easier. It's so easy to simply let someone do something stupid than to try to change anything.

It was a simple farewell. I said and shown almost nothing. I was just there, standing stupidly still and silent in the middle of the living room. The Doctor was almost as quiet. I rarely saw him being so un-excentric. Damn it, this silence. Thinking about it just drives me mad. It's like we were at a funeral. Maybe because IT SOMEHOW REALLY WAS ONE.

The TARDIS doors closed, the police box disappeared, and I did the dishes.

16/08/16

Woke up at 12. Slept well, had a shower. Everything is normal.

It's as if nothing special ever happened here. Like a dream. It's like memories should usually be physically tangible and since I couldn't see anything out of the ordinary, it must've meant that nothing happened.

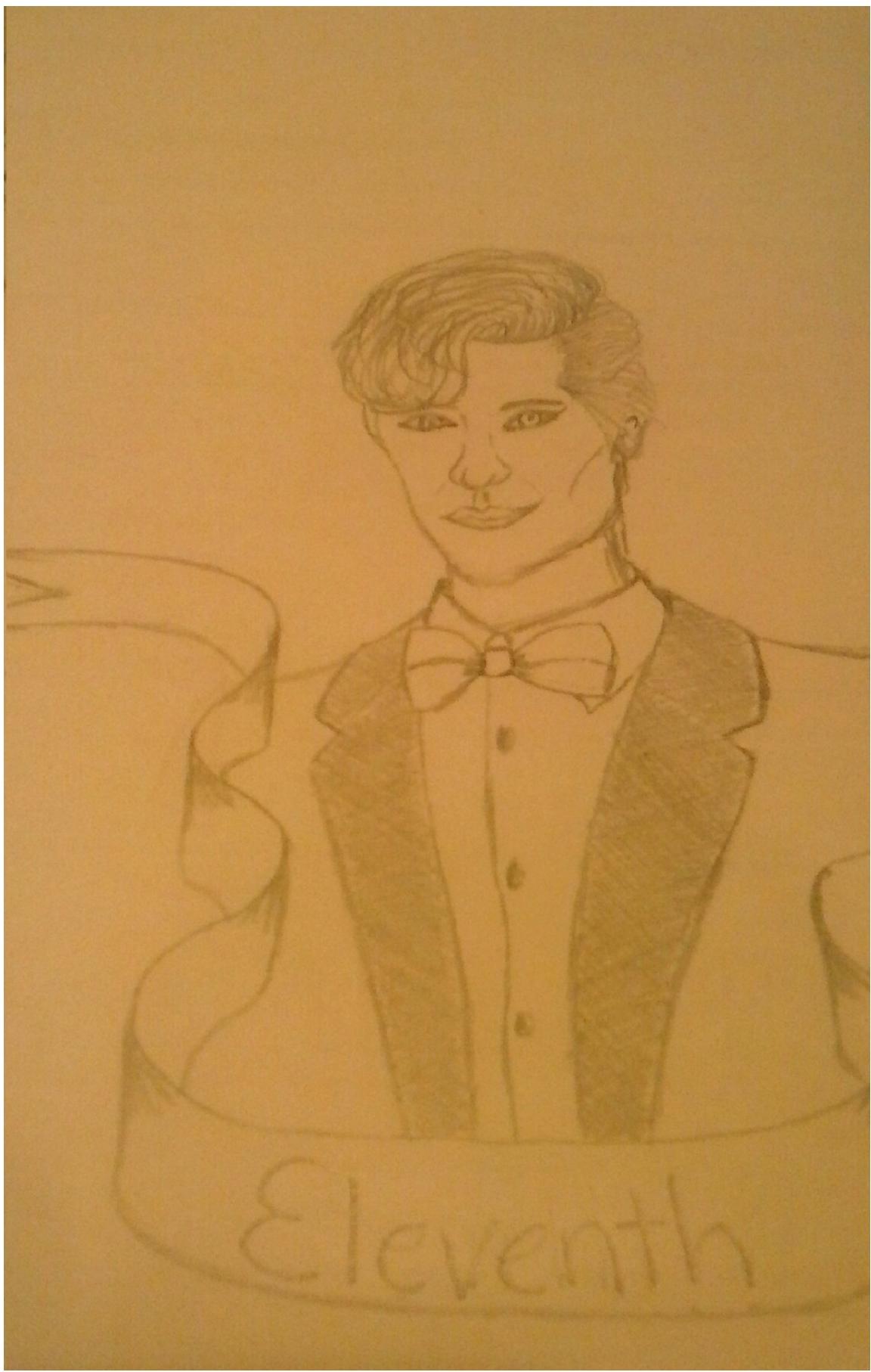
How can we forget and move to other things so easily? Is it me being heartless or is it something that everyone experiences?

I let someone die yesterday. I know it, I checked his wikipedia page.

I should feel bad, right? I do, but I'm sure I should feel worse than that.

The truth is I still don't know what to think of it. I let someone fight for himself, I killed a friend. I saved history, I couldn't prevent an injustice.

I'm just clueless. I feel legitimate and wrong at the same time. To be honest, not feeling that way is rare. It doesn't get more human and mundane than this.



Man On The Moon

By: Anime Anon

An adventure with the Eleventh Doctor and Clara, and some random nobody

It was a moon. Not the boring type, mind you, but it, like most other moons, did not quite have the claim to fame like the planet of the hats or famous like the Eye of Orion or the wandering moon rocks of Delxtraus 9 that followed the path of the tides until the point where the tourists could wander out into their oceans and physically touch them.

To put it crudely, Clara, the planet was a complete backwater compared to the rest of the universe.

Here was the majority of the Universe, happily zooming from one point to another, keen to see and most importantly experience the rest of the galaxy. And here was a planet, with a boring lump of rock in the atmosphere, with locals too busy running screaming from the horrendous cataclysmic events on the crust of their planet to pay attention or recognise the rock which appeared once every decade. Rarely, if ever, did one person rationalise the movement of the moon to ecological events and if they did, they were probably wiped out soon afterwards.

But most importantly, it wasn't just a rock.

You see, Clara, I have had many enemies over the course of my life. Some can simply be arrested or deterred. Others, through the power of persuasion, can be gently positioned into one point of view or the other. Others, simply need to be tricked, an enemy by their nature, neither purposely malicious or devious. An organism like just like you and I. Keen to breathe, keen to sleep and keen to live.

This one wasn't like that. Clever, deviously so and pretending to be insane as if it was a kind of food flavouring you'd add to your favourite meal of psychotic revenge.

After I trapped him in Antarctica he had a good time throwing half a dozen grenades in a lake, frightening my good friend Hex. Implicit revenge. Then he turned off the sun. Also implicit revenge. Killed a whole bunch of people and I barely escaped with my life. Poor Evelyn, dear Evelyn died with

him, or so I thought.

Language has a way of surviving, evolving and moving on. Like a glacier, it winds its way through or around a structure and finds a way, no matter how impossible or how difficult it may seem to reach a common ground between people. In time, it may even evolve.

I found him again, you know. This enemy of mine who can do so many things, if people merely say his name in a particular accidental context.

He resurfaced, furious and missing half his weight in words if vocabulary could be counted as that. Touched off a whole bunch of proto-transduction barriers if it was nothing, set fire to a dozen planets. We fought bitterly across time and space, in places where languages had lost all meaning until he hid in all but a few vowels and subliminal prefixes.

How, Clara, do you think I got rid of being of living language that can't be harmed in any way known to the material universe? I can see the wheels of your head turning. You write the words in light white chalk on the board and point to it indicating that you have expressed your answer and it is my turn to reciprocate.

I put him in a metaphor in the moon. The lifeless piece of rock where no one could survive, that broods in the night sky stuck in an elliptical orb so that it may only pass the lifeless planet once every decade.

Surely, you think that a place lacking both the basic context and structures with which to produce language to keep him in check. Surely, you think that if you replace enough of the words that make him think that he is a Word Lord it will sever the link with his ship and leave him stranded. Surely, you think that if you restructure his syntax into thinking of himself as a hero of the piece he will remain there, believing that he is a hapless hero weighed down with flesh stranded there for eternity.

Surely I would be as furious as I am now standing on a fucking rock, not the boring type, mind you, but one with plenty of locals scurrying out and about far beneath my feet.

Because I'm lucky that way. The Doctor was careless. And so as I pretend to eat my construct jelly babies weighed on my material avatar's hand whilst listlessly playing with my material avatar's scarf the way you disgusting monkeys do, I remember.

And I'll rain down (hoo boy) the fires of fucking destruction down on their heads until nobody – that's me, by the way, Nobody No-one – remains.

Hello Clara. We've never met before, you and I, but it's about time we were introduced.

Security Protocols

By: Another Random Anon

A short adventure with the Twelfth Doctor, with a cameo by Bill

The Doctor walks towards the Tardis door when the Tardis begins to beep.

"Ugh, What now?" said the Doctor as he walked towards the Console Monitor.

"Are you kidding me? Record the Security Protocols?"

The TARDIS beeping got louder.

"I don't have time for that. I promised Clara I'd get her Coffee"

The TARDIS beeping starts getting whiny

"Besides, we never use those anyway," the Doctor walks towards the TARDIS Doors but they're locked.

"Really? You're locking me in just so I can record some nonsense."

Silence from the TARDIS. Then more beeping.

The Doctor grabs out his sonic and tries to open the door but it doesn't work.

"Fine, have it your way," the Doctor walks over to the monitor. "This is security protocol seven one two. The echelon circuit has been activated. Please stow any hand luggage and prepare for departure."

Much, much, later

Bill rushed into the TARDIS, the sounds of angry metallic chitterring behind her. The Doctor had told her to run in there, and then said good-bye. His voice had been oddly warm when he said it. No sooner had she entered, when the TARDIS shut close, and the sound of de-materialization rang out.

A hologram that was unmistakably the Doctor showed up.

“Thank goodness you’re here. What’s going on?” said Bill. Had the Doctor escaped the Cyber-Hamsters after all? She got quiet, as the hologram was speaking.

“...Please stow any hand luggage and prepare for departure,” said the Doctor. Then the hologram promptly vanished.

“I bloody hate him sometimes,” muttered Bill.

A Vast Cathedral

By: Nate Bumber

A poem about the inside of a dying TARDIS

A vast cathedral,
Adorned with the visages of ancient saints and antic gargoyles;
An equine figure, its back bearing a pair of scaly wings,
Its mouth stretched in a scream, its blind eyes wide with terror.
Packed earth gives way to a black marble floor
and Your feet tap and click and disturb the sepulchral silence.
The ceiling arches high and You can see hints of a sprawling illustration overhead.
The windows glow with alien light:
Pagan pigments stain the glass,
Telling tales of the fates of heroes who fought the falling night.
Concentric rings of pews, polished by the touch of the
Multitudes who once surged to this scene, rapturous in their ecstasy –
And frosted statues, flawed in their mimicry of any natural form –
And the white carousel, its gleaming bronze poles towering above pallid characters
Of lions and bears and pigs, lit by an unattended flame.
As You approach You see the plaster has grayed with dust;
And the animals have turned waxen, and they glitter
With glory and might no more;
And they distort in the light, and they sneer and jump and snarl at the encroaching darkness.
And You squint through the shadow
as the windows glow
and the ceiling whispers
and the candle dies –

Spatiality

By: Gallifrey_Immigrant

An adventure with the Fifth Doctor, Chewbacca, and Maxwell Edison, as well as the Eighth Doctor, and Fitz, with appearances from Alex.

The trouble started for the Doctor when he heard a knock on his door.

“Fitz?” he said lazily. He slipped on his green velvet coat, and opened the door of his room. Peeking outside, he saw nothing.

As in, there was just black space outside. Not even any stars.

“Curious and curioser,” he said. He sniffed the air, and was relieved to find that he did in fact smell something. It was recycled air, indicating that this was some sort of artificial environment. He stepped out cautiously, and after he did not fall into the depths of forever blackness, continued to walk. Closing his eyes, he followed the feeling of flowing air, and soon found an exit. When he opened his eyes, he was back in his TARDIS.

“What a wonderful adventure,” he exclaimed to himself. He looked around, but couldn’t find Fitz. Shrugging, he walked into his room, and flopped onto his bed. A few minutes later, he woke up, as a terrible suspicion crossed his mind. He opened his bedroom door, and saw black space.

“Of course,” said the Doctor. “Life is never that easy. But if I’m here, where’s Fitz?”

Fitz, as it turns out, was arguing with a blonde haired Doctor.

“I’m telling you, that I knew a guy with long hair, velvet coat, and really eccentric, called the Doctor. This is his ship. Who the hell are you?” said the man. He was talking to the Doctor, who was in his fifth incarnation (a blonde man with blue eyes and a proper cricketing fellow), Maxwell Edison (a ghost hunter), and Chewbacca (a former friend of Han Solo, who had just gotten onto the TARDIS). One of those things is not like the other.

“Doctor,” said the Doctor. “Perhaps you’ve met a future regeneration of mine. If so, then obviously there’s been some trouble. I really shouldn’t get involved—it’s bad to peek into my future.”

“Listen, I don’t know who you are. But if you know the Doctor—my Doctor, then you know he’s great at getting himself into trouble. I don’t want anything to happen to him,” said Fitz.

The furry Chewbacca roared “Hrenneh,” and patted Fitz on the head. Fitz found it oddly comforting.

“Doctor, there’s something outside your ship,” said Max. He was peering at the scanners. “It’s large, has big guns, and has some sort of light coming out of it.”

The Doctor stared at the scanners, and said “Looks like we’re being dragged into a tractor beam. Chewbacca, go to the hyperspace deturnalizer!”

Chewbacca roared in approval, and began clicking buttons on the console.

“Is it working?” asked Fitz. He was answered when the ship was suddenly dragged into a wormhole. The doors flung open, and the team was soon being dragged in the air to the other ship.

-1859, London England

There is a giant marshmallow in the sky. That is the only thing to describe what I see before me.

The Inspector was dumbfounded when I told him of this. He said that he had to see with his own eyes. When he did, he immediately thought it was some form of puppetry, or perhaps a trick with mirrors.

Then the marshmallow began to speak. It said that it was one of a species called the “Adipose”, and that they were colonizing this planet, and that the best thing for us to do was simply to let them in. We laughed at this, until the rest of the marshmallow men came.

They dropped out from the shy. Some were as tall as old Mr. Fenton—the tallest man I knew—where as some were marshmallow giants, who made the ground shake with each step. The taller Adipose—God, I shiver to even write this words—took over our police station, sometimes even knocking down buildings. Madame Vastra and Jenny, her servant, attempted to protest, but they soon disappeared. I fear what the marshmallows have done to them.

I hear the squelching noises at my door. They are coming for me. I must enclose this letter, I must hide it. Let us hope that I live to recover it.

-1978

Naomi James travelled from the Adipose Isles on an early morning. She had told them that it was simply a desire to travel around the world, but it was something more. She hated her marshmallow overlords, how they sounded so sweet, yet always were quick to kill traitors. Her grandparents told her of a time where the Marshmallow Men had not ruled, but she could not imagine such a time.

One of the human-sympathizing marshmallow men, Mikel, had told her of a mysterious woman called Madame Vastra. No one ever got to see beyond the Madame's veil, and there were many rumors about this woman. Naomi sought this woman for 14 days, and on the 14th day, the Madame found her. The woman said to Naomi that if Naomi was to travel throughout the sea, and search in a specific location, she might find someone to help defeat the monsters. When Naomi asked why the Madame could not help, she simply said “I already am helping.”

So Naomi built a boat. Days and days she toiled, hoping that no Adipose or traitorous human might find her out. She plotted a path that would lead her in the right place. And, on the seventh month, she sailed forth.

Three times, her ship capsized. Two times, she was close to drowning. And there were countless times in her trip that she thought she would die.

On the seventh week, she found someone.

“Hello?” Naomi asked. “Are you okay?” She had pulled a boy on-board. His hair was black, and he was young, and, she couldn't help but notice, particularly handsome.

The boy opened his eyes. “My name...is Alex Campbell. You're Naomi, right?”

“Yes, how do you know?” asked Naomi. Inside, her heart dropped—was this a trick of the Adipose?

“Madame Vastra told me,” said Alex. “She told me you would come look for me. Are you with my great-grandfather? The Doctor?”

“No,” said Naomi. “I'm here to stop the Adipose. They've been ruling Earth for the past hundred years.”

“That..can't be. History isn't supposed to be that way. If it's really as bad as you say...then we need to find the Doctor. One problem, though,” said Alex.

“What?” asked Naomi.

“We'll need to wait 45 years,” said Alex.

-October 2004, Antarctica

Explorers James Patterson and Alex James (famed daughter of explorer Naomi James and Rob James, named after their friend Alex) have denied all allegations of hiding objects found in their excavation. Reports are of seeing a “blonde man being taken out of the ice”, and reports of “Alex saying she was looking for a rectangular blue object.” The Adipose Queen has claimed that the explorers are betraying the law, and that they will be arrested until they deliver all files and taken objects of their search.

- December 2004

Alex James and James Patterson are now enemies of the state. If you see them, report them immediately.

Arrest Report of Lucie Miller

Officer: Do you have any alliance with the insurgent known as the Doctor?

Lucie Miller: I was telling people my dreams! Am I being arrested for bleedin' dreams?

Officer: No, of course not. You're just being questioned.

Lucie: Well, then no. Never met this Doctor. Are we done?

Officer: Not quite

(he talks to an Adipose)

We'll just have to do one thing. Then you can leave.

Lucie: Okay...wait. What is that?

Officer: It's called a mind probe. Please sit back.

Lucie: Oi! Get away from me!

(undecipherable noise in background)

Officer: It's the Pro-Human Adipose Confederation! Damn, guards stop—wait who are you?

Another face in the camera view. He is a blonde, blue-eyed man in a cricket outfit.

Doctor: I'm the “insurgent.” And I would like it if you unhanded Lucie, thank you.

“Stealing my ship in the past and future was clever,” said the Doctor, his cricket coat flapping in the wind. The giant marshmallow man stared at him angrily. “Two TARDISes is more than enough technology to rule Earth, if you know how to use it.”

“So was framing the Adipose,” the Doctor said. “Your mimicry was near perfect--No one would suspect a thing.

Nicest creatures in the galaxy, they are. It was quite a surprise to me. If the actual Adipose hadn't caught wind of it, you would have won.”

He motioned Chewbacca and Maxwell to take their positions, Chewbacca pointing his de-energizers at the giant marshmallows, while Maxwell held a switch.

“But the Rutans are just never good enough at mimicry to pull it off. There was always a few things you got wrong. You acted just too nice, and too cruel. So, how about you give me back my ship, before I politely ask Maxwell to flick that switch, and call enough Sontarans down here to wipe out your entire race.” said the Doctor, smiling calmly.

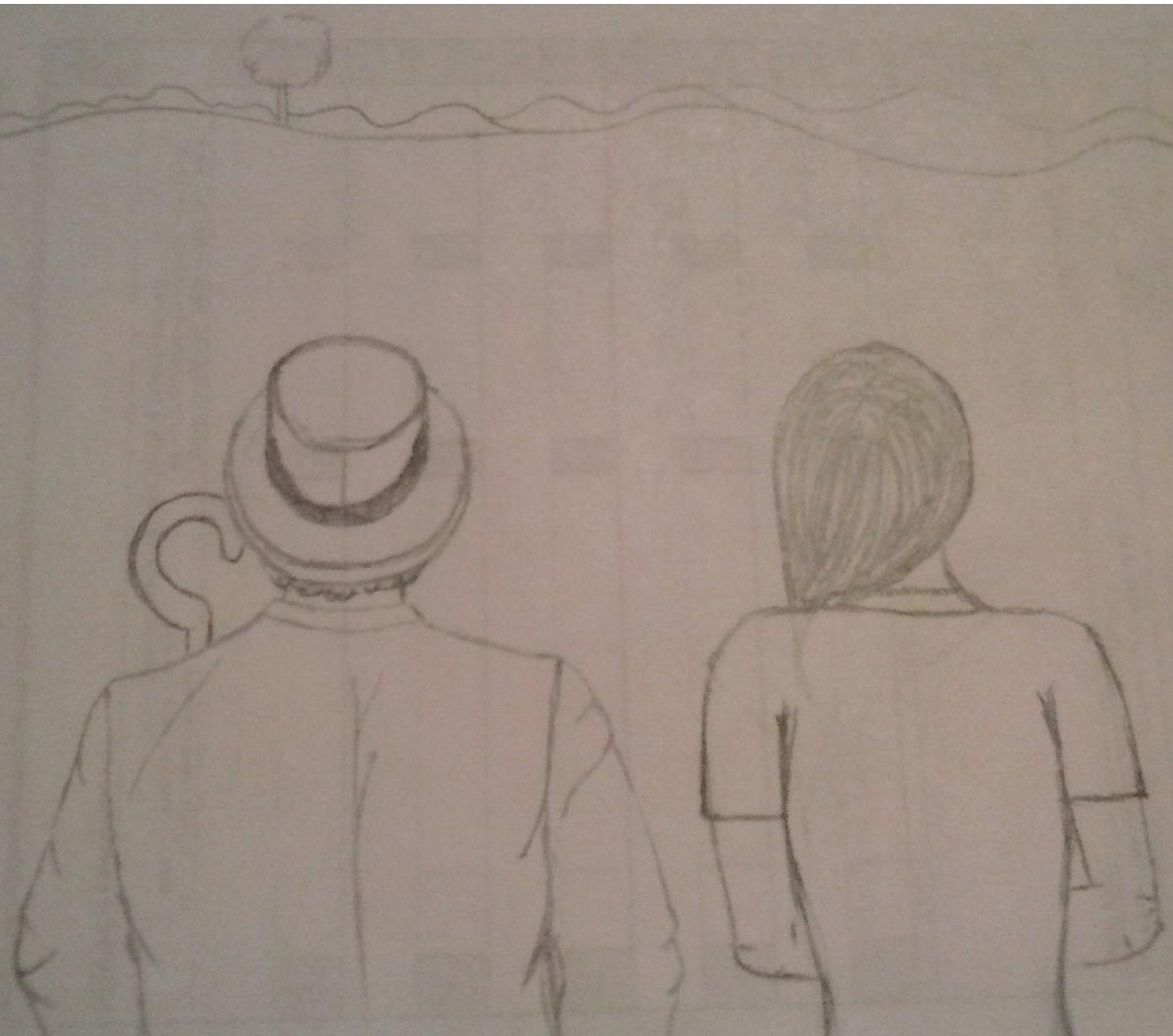
The Doctor's green coat was now, sadly, more of a grey. He had stopped shaving now, and was sporting quite a large beard. By now, he had figured out the trap. He just hadn't figured out how to escape.

Someone had stolen his TARDIS. Not only that, but they had used its technology to do who knows what. Whoever it was had to have rudimentary time-travel skills. Perhaps it was the Daleks, though it didn't seem their style. Either way,

he was trapped in a spatial loop. At least he had books in his room.

“Doctor,” said Fitz’s voice. He looked up to see his companion at last. Besides him was a small marshmallow creature.

“Ah, Fitz,” said the Doctor. “Took you long enough.



The White In Their Eyes

By Nacho

“There’s something you’re not telling me my dear” said the Doctor, wiping the sweat from his brow. Pausing for a second, he plunged his umbrella in the grassy field around him and leaned his body weight on it to take a moment’s reprieve off his feet.

The Doctor was a being who was used to running from something across all of Time and Space. If you believed the rumors, one day he would even be running towards something. Very rarely did the Doctor ever walk anywhere, much less a 4 hour stroll. Shifting the weight of his stance and his mind away from his feet, he spoke to his companion without glancing.

“I can tell, you know. You’ve been lost in thought since we got to this field. Quiet as a mouse, and that truly is uncomfortable.”

“This field reminds me of home.” Carcela said with a contemplative look, her eyes darting and dancing across the long, green meadow but avoiding the Doctor.

“There weren’t any green fields on Skaro though” said the Doctor plainly, his mind avoiding the flood of images that came involuntarily whenever someone mentioned that monstrosity. Images that Carcela would never see.

“Of course not. But in school we saw them, green fields. Scientists recreated the idea in laboratories. In school we had a class called expressions, meant to show us the power each of our emotions had and could be used to bring us through ordeals.” she paused, a smile crept across her face and her eyes beamed towards the red sky picturing the scenario before her.

She reached down and plucked a few blades from the ground, feeling their weight and waxy texture in her fingers.

“Once we filled a recreation area with paper colored green and cut into blades of grass. We stuck it to the ground and rolled around, trying to find a feeling that would carry us through the war” she said, her expression slowly fading.

The grass slowly fell through her fingers, falling to the earth gently. To the Doctor each blade sounded like a bomb hitting the Earth, the sound was so violent.

The Doctor was next to her before the expression left her face completely, and hugged her head tight to his breast. Hold onto that, please just hold onto that for a few more minutes; he thought as he held her.

“Would you like to roll around in this grass?” he said, an adventurous smile beaming from his entire being.

Carcela nodded in agreement, and the both of them laid on the ground head to head, grabbed each other’s arms and rolled. Quickly, childlike laughter erupted.

“You’re hiding something from me as well, short man!” she yelled as they continued to tumble.

Before he could reply or even change his expression, she finished her thought. “You wanted to get off your flat feet.”

The Doctor let out a hearty laugh as they stopped.

Sitting up, Carcela looked at the Doctor with a smile, staring deeply now into his own. Behind her was the sun, and with the dilation of his pupils they almost looked as if they were all white. Behind his eyes there was still something, a secret... She wondered for a second if he looked at everyone with those eyes or just her before she came to a decision.

“I would like to return home,” she said with a smile.

“Yes, I suppose it is about time to get you back home. But do we really have t-...Yes I suppose we do.” he said as he stood up, making up his mind.

The Doctor breathed a heavy sigh. Behind his lips, almost escaping was a sentence.

“Tomorrow you will meet a man with a scarf. Send him back home, would you?” he almost said.

The Doctor had stolen Carcela today, a day to matter to her so she wouldn’t have to matter tomorrow. He could say any combination of words now and change all of history, and the small man’s hearts beat out of his chest as any combination of them roared through his being, the plan he set out nearly complete.

But today the Doctor kept his mouth shut. He did not change history. He changed someone’s life, but today he did his name proud in letting someone live how they wanted for a day. He found great hope in that.

He would not pre-empt the opportunity away from his past self.

A lifetime or so later, the Doctor would smile and reflect on this moment with pride. “A good warrior does not fire until he can see the white in their eyes.”

The Pit Of The Cybermen

By A Funny Random Anon

A story of the Tenth Doctor Who and Donna Summer

"Where should we go next?" asked Doctor.

"I don't know," said Donna, "Somewhere warm, where it isn't minus 200 degrees."

"Well, tough break," said Doctor, "TARDIS is already landed on Europa, where it is minus 220 degrees".

Donna protested that it is exactly the kind of place she wanted to not be right now, but it was too late because Doctor already parked. Turned out it wasn't that cold at all, because they landed inside some kind of space base full of warm things. Some security guards spotted them and asked what they are doing here, but they didn't wait for answer and just arrested and locked them in a closet with "Don't open, prisoners inside" spray-painted on it.

Luckily for Doctor, they didn't confiscate his sonic screwdriver, so he pointed it on a door from inside and the door fell off the hinges with a loud bang. There was a woman standing on the other end of the door, and she said she was the security chief. She asked what Doctor was doing on the Moon of Jupiter in the year 2078. Doctor didn't answer because he was too narcissistic to admit he was lost. He showed chief of security some psychic paper, so she decided that there's nothing odd about a trench-coat wearing weirdo and some middle aged broad wandering in outer solar sister, and that they are her buddies now. She explained that they were drilling to find some oil because there was none on Earth left and everything was bad and dystopian.

Meanwhile on the other end of the base (The base is shaped like doughnut by the way, that's probably important, with hole in the middle being drilled by a giant laser) chief engineer Sandoval was sitting in his office. Some other guy came to his office and said "Chief engineer, I think you are wrong. I checked your data and it's all fabricated".

"Have you told anyone else?" asked Sandoval twirling his pencil future Latino mustaches.

"No" said the guy and Sandoval pulled out his gun and shot him in a head 17 times. Well, he shot him in a head 3 times then he was just shooting the wall through the red mist that was once the guy's head. He then called janitors and told them someone planted a decapitated body in his office again and janitors came and cleaned everything because they took their job very seriously.

Doctor, Donna and the security chief walked into Sandoval's office.

"What you are doing is wrong, Sandoval" said Doctor. He knew what Sandoval was doing, because he was smart like that.

"If cornering energy market and putting Earth under the iron heel of my corporate overlords is wrong, I don't want to be right ever again. Now step aside for it is the work of my life to drill into Europa and pump oil from it," said Sandoval.

"Wasn't it Titan that's full of oil?" asked Donna.

"No, you dumb bitch," explained Sandoval misogynistically. Then he stormed off, misogynistically.

"I think this man is crazy" said Doctor, he's probably mind-controlled. Security chief took them to the secret place where Sandoval was hiding. They saw him talking with a severed Cyberman head.

"Oh no" said Doctor, "he's controlled by the Cyber-men."

As he realized that, drill made a loud clank and stopped, as if it hit something (Also as if it was made of metal and not of laser). Turned out all this time they were drilling to Cybermen. Sandoval put on Cybermen head over his own and start shooting them. He shot security chief to death but missed Doctor and Donna who locked him in his secret closet with a sonic screwdriver.

Cybermen meanwhile poured all over the base and shot everyone and converted everyone else too.

Then they found Doctor.

"Doctor", said Cybermen, "We have won. Our planet was freezing, so our only chance to survive was to freeze ourselves here. Now we are ready to survive unfrozen. We will come to Earth in oil tankers and convert everyone before they even realize we are not oil. Chief Engineer Sandoval will be our leader".

"It is wrong to convert people!" Doctor protested.

"No, it is right" Cybermen retorted.

Doctor secretly pointed his screwdriver at the ceiling lights and they all sparked, dazzling and confusing Cybermen. As Cybermen were dazzled and confused, Doctor and Donna ran away and Cybermen couldn't catch up with them because they hadn't thawed properly yet. They ran into laser control room and locked themselves in. Sandoval who had now had fully converted head stood outside banging on the door screaming in metallic voice, demanding that Doctor open up and embrace the future that is metal. Doctor didn't embrace the future, because he was very clever and he was so clever in fact that he jury-rigged laser drill.

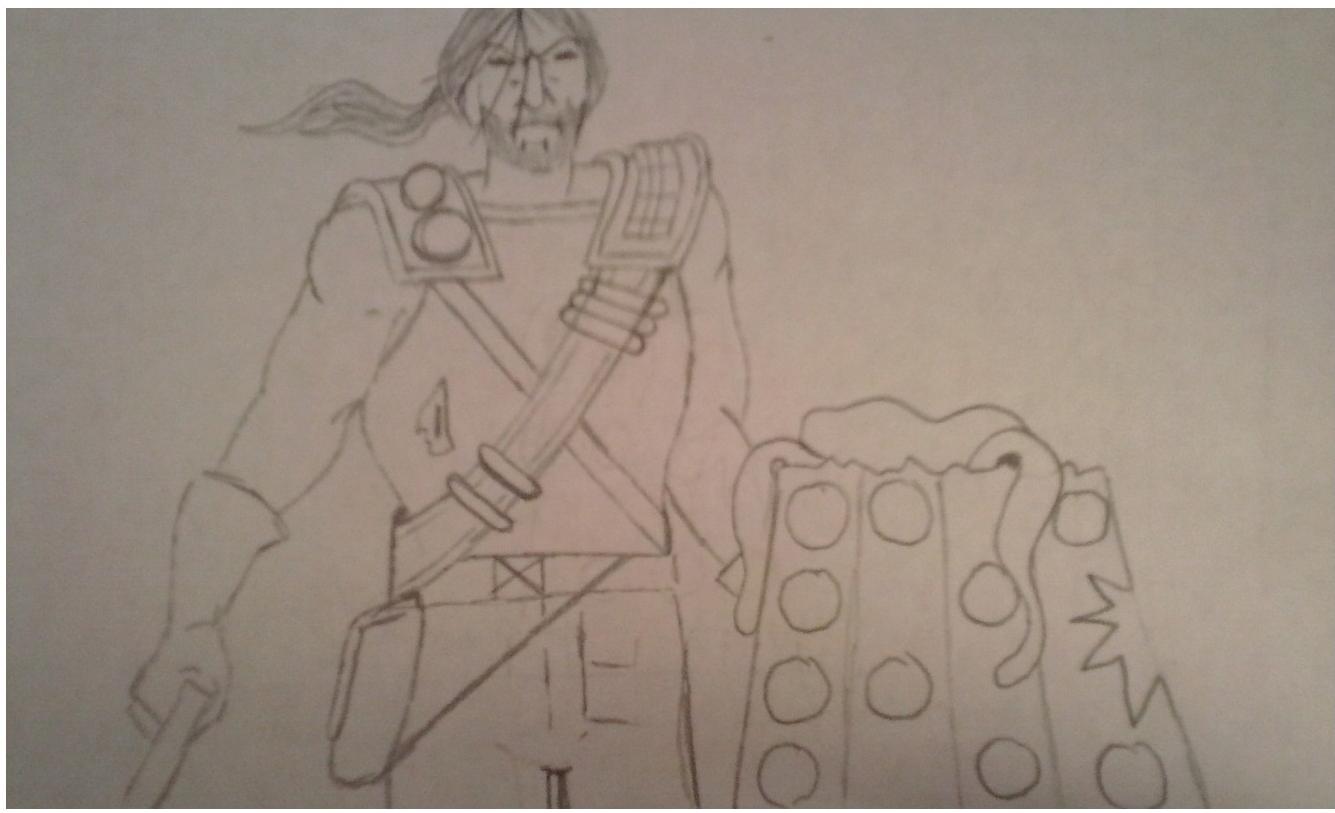
"This is your last chance" he said to Sandoval, "Accept that is wrong to convert people. Humans and Cybermen can live in peace".

"No" said CyberSandoval.

"This was your last chance" said Doctor and pressed the button by sonicating it. Laser drill swept over the base melting Cybermen who were trying to load themselves into tankers pretending to be oil.

Doctor then felt very brooding and walked to TARDIS, departing dramatically as the base was collapsing into borehole burying the molten Cyber-men. Donna trailed behind him, muttering about how this always happened.

Only CyberSandoval's head severed by laser was still intact, lying on the ice plains of Europa waiting for someone else to pick it up so it could trick them into releasing Cyber-men again.



The Dalek Killers: The Day Flaxa Died Twice

By Yet Another Random Anon

“Listen, the next words out of your mouth, better include ‘killing Daleks’ in it,” said Abslom Daak. His fiery eyes glowered at the Time Lord official, who was shaking her red bushy hair.

After a pause, Flaxa said “You will not be allowed to be killing Daleks, because if we let you at them, that would expose the base to attack,” said Flaxa. She pointed at the screen, which showed rows of Daleks converging closer. “Our shields are barely holding up as is.

“Come on, lady! Can’t you just use some time magic to save the day?” asked Ace. She was staring at the screen, and waving her bat around lazily, as if she couldn’t wait to smash some Daleks.

“We’re not wizards, human,” said Flaxa, sighing. She was on her third regeneration, so rather young for her age, but she still felt like dealing with these two companions of the Doctor was like herding Time Tots. Speaking of which, where was the Doctor?

She looked up, and saw the Doctor balanced precariously on the railing one floor up, messing around with the control panel (which had been placed just so people couldn’t do that). His black leather jacket, flapping wildly as he struggled to not fall down, contrasted with the dull blue of the room’s walls. She couldn’t quite see what he was doing, but she suddenly heard a loud explosion from his direction, and realized that he had ripped out some wires that led to the control panel. He looked down, and waved at her.

“Good one, Professor!” called out Ace. That girl’s laugh utterly got on Flaxa’s nerves, but she didn’t have time to argue, because she then heard the sound of “YOU WILL BE EXTERMINATED” coming from behind her.

“You turned off the shields? WHY?” screamed out Flaxa. The Doctor, the idiot that he was, said something about explaining later.

Hordes of Daleks blasted through the walls. Gold ones, silver ones, bronze ones with extra pointy bits (*Editor’s note:* but no Paradigm Daleks. Those aren’t canon, even in fanfic). They began blasting away with their eyestalks, and soon the chairs, the walls, the ceiling, was on fire. The guards were running for their lives, and many were quitting en-masse. Flaxa had just enough time to set the alarm, before she was hit by the a Dalek beam, and died.

A few minutes later, she woke up again. She patted herself down, and noted not unhappily that she was still a she, and, upon looking at her hands, that she seemed to have acquired darker skin this time around. No sooner had she started

looking for a mirror, that a bolt of energy whizzed over her, and she realized that she was still in a place overrun by Daleks.

Some other people, however, were having a blast.

“Oh yeeeeaaaaahhhh, that's the stuff!” screamed out Abslom, as he ripped apart Daleks. The metal titans tried to dodge his chainsaw, but he slipped and slid with the angry expertise of a drunken buffalo, and soon tentacled guts were all over the floor.

“Leave some for me,” said Ace. She swung her bat to the left and right, dodging laser beam strikes. Ace's bat wasn't as effective as a chainsaw, but what she lacked in strength, she made up for in speed, and soon was killing Daleks than Abslom.

Flaxa decided to just hide under a table, and hoped no one would see her. The plan was working, despite the fact that some Dalek guts landed on her. Then a Dalek crept under the table, and eyed her with its small eye-stalk. Weirdly enough, this Dalek was barely at her knee-height.

“You're a midget Dalek?” said Flaxa. Her voice was a lot huskier than before, and she had an accent that Scottish.

The Dalek's eyestalk swiveled quickly to her, and Flaxa realized she had made a fatal mistake.

“I AM NOT A MIDGET! THAT OFFENDS ME! I MAKE UP FOR MY SIZE WITH EXCESSIVE OFFENSIVE POWER!” said the mini-Dalek while blasting Flaxa with an ion beam.

A few seconds later, Flaxa woke up again. Her skin was white again, and she felt...shorter. Ironic justice, probably. The midget Dalek was in front of her, but not moving. Flaxa slowly peeked her head out, hoping no one would notice.

“Oh, there you are. How are you doing?” asked the Doctor, who pulled her out from the table. She realized that the midget Dalek was dead, probably due to the Doctor. She wanted to be thankful, except that they had caused this situation.

“I just died twice in the past few minutes. How about you? Wanna mess up my day further?” snarled Flaxa.

“Well, actually, me and the gang need bait for the rest of the Daleks, so...” started the Doctor, shrugging.

“WHAT?” cried Flaxa. Her currently soft voice cracked in horror.

“Don't worry, I'm gonna protect you,” said Abslom Daak, who gripped Flaxa with a Dalek-blood covered hand, and jumped out into space.

“Professor, this might have been a bad idea,” pointed out Ace.

“What? No, this'll be fantastic. Watch!” said the Doctor, who was smiling at the duo of Flaxa and Abslom Daak as they were chased by a horde of Daleks. He grabbed a big laser-harpoon, and tossed it to Ace.

“Let's have some FUN!” said Abslom Daak, as he, the Doctor, Ace, and a screaming Flaxa, went to face the Dalek hordes.

Magnetism

By Gallifrey_Immigrant

An adventure with Tegan Jovanka and Nyssa, with Flora McMillan, a character from one of the Short Trips. The official ones, not this fanfic tripe.

Tegan stood across from the Doctor, averting her gaze from his eyes. She could still see his yellow jacket, and how the wind seemed to creep around it, like it was actively trying to avoid him. She tried to think about something else, and ended up thinking about Adric. Well, that was no help.

“Tegan, if you want to leave, I can understand,” he said, his soft voice worming its way into her head. He was so understanding, so nice. It was infuriating.

“I know you don’t mean that. You don’t want us to leave. Any of us,” she said.

The breeze winded its way through Tegan’s hair. It felt nice, and Tegan made a mental note to go somewhere windy soon. Perhaps the TARDIS could--

“Ah, there you go. Nearly forgot what you had decided,” thought Tegan to herself. She looked at the Doctor, who was standing there dumbly, and said “You never mention the hard parts. The dark parts, the deaths. It doesn’t exactly show up on the first page of the brochure.”

“I try not to think about those parts,” said the Doctor. His expression was a mixture of blankness, with just a hint of annoyance. It pleased Tegan a little to know she was getting a reaction out of him, however small.

“But that doesn’t really help things, does it? People still get hurt. Very hurt, and all the pretty planets don’t make up for it,” said Tegan. She readied herself, preparing to announce that she was leaving the TARDIS for good.

Then the Doctor whispered something. Tegan knew she should block it out, that whatever he said would be a hook to bring her in.

Instead, she asked him “What did you say?”

“I’m sorry about Adric,” whispered the Doctor again.

Tegan wanted to strangle him. How dare he bring up that boy? And yet, when she looked in his eyes, she saw a sadness that shook her. His grief-stricken eyes, just for a second, made her own sadness feel so small.

A hand on her side broke the spell. She turned around, to see strong blue eyes staring back. Instantly, she felt calmer, as Nyssa gave a slight nod of understanding. Nyssa had gone through much more pain than even Tegan, having seen her own world destroyed. Yet she didn’t seem to feel the turmoil, or at least hid it better.

“You can’t blame yourself for Adric. If any of us could go back and change things, we would,” said Nyssa. Tegan felt like pointing out that they could go and change things, but expected to just get a lecture about the Web of Time.

The Doctor was about to respond back, but Tegan ignored him. She walked off, away from both the aliens. She needed time to sort herself out.

She found herself walking further and further to the beach. The wind was whipping stronger and stronger. She ignored the breeze, and then kept on walking.

“Hello,” said someone behind her. She twirled around, to see a woman with a bowtie looking at her. Her arms were slender, and her hair looked frizzy. Her eyes were strong, and reminded her of the Doctor.

“What’s your name?” asked Tegan testily.

“My name is Flora Mcmillan. I was busy observing the beach, and noticed you stomping all around. Are you from here?” she asked. There was a playful smile in her speech, and her voice was raspy, yet carefree. Tegan felt the woman’s eyes searching her.

Had Tegan not been so distracted by her previous rage, she would have noticed that the woman sounded nothing like people from this era, and that this woman was wearing shoes that clearly couldn’t have

been made in the 1800s. The Doctor would have noticed instantly.

“I’m from out of town,” said Tegan. It was the closest thing to the truth she could give.

“Really? I would think you’re from out of time,” said Flora. Tegan felt her heart leap, and looked around, half-expecting the Doctor to leap out from the trees saying “Prank!”

“Who are you? Where are you from?” said Tegan.

“Same as you. I’m from out of town,” said the woman. Her black hair went down to her shoulders, and there was the same feeling of looking at something vast in a small body that Tegan received from the Doctor.

“What’s your name?” asked Flora.

“Tegan,”

“Hello, Tegan. I was just enjoying the summer breeze. You see, I’m about to go off and do something very difficult. And I’m afraid of...,” said Flora. Her voice sounded smooth, almost soothing. Her foot was bopping to some unconscious beat.

“Afraid of what?” asked Tegan, before she could stop herself.

“Do you like music?” asked Flora.

“Well, I like to dance. The Beatles are great,” said Tegan.

Flora frowned, and said “Typical. Pop music. Beatles aren’t bad, but all of their copycats sucked, to be honest. I like the XX personally. Their minimal style was simple, but effective.”

“Never heard the XX. Is that a new band?” Tegan asked.

“Ah. Maybe it’s beyond your time,” said Flora. “I’m a musician, by the way. Do you want to see my musical instruments?”

Tegan was gonna respond, when suddenly, she heard Nyssa calling her. She looked back, and saw Nyssa waving at her.

“Do you have to leave?” asked Flora.

Tegan paused for a second. Did she really want to go off with a random stranger?

Yes, but not alone.

“Nyssa, follow me!” said Tegan. “May I bring a friend?”

“Of course,” said Flora.

Flora’s house was on the coast. Tegan and Nyssa walked slowly up the steps, the soft sand wrapping around Tegan’s ankles. Flora, wrapped in a green scarf, was ahead of them, barely slowed by the long steps.

“Something’s odd about that woman,” said Nyssa.

“I know. She says she’s a musician. Maybe’s that’s why,” said Tegan. She actually wasn’t quite sure why she had decided to follow Flora. There was something in Flora’s eyes, a sense of something larger.

Flora’s house was small and boring-looking on the outside. But inside was a different story. A red guitar hung over the door, and on the floor were several patches. When Tegan placed her foot tentatively on one patch, a jingle emanated from the walls of the house.

“Wow! You’ve got audio touch sensors in your house!” said Nyssa. She examined the patches, poking at

them. Tegan could see the little scientist in Nyssa salivating, enjoying some new marvel.

“I just wanted to have a little music in my house, so I made my own. Always thought if you wanted something, you should make it,” said Flora, a proud smile on her face.

Music seemed to fill the space. Accordions were lined on the walls. Chimes hung off the ceiling. A computer screen, connected to a series of drums, was right next to the bathroom. A set of what looked like pan-pipes laid on the floor.

“I recognize that device! It comes from my planet!” said Nyssa, picking up a slender yellow wand. Flicking her wrist, a series of notes came out from the device.

“Wait. How do you have a device from Traken? That’s another planet!” said Tegan.

“Because I’m a time traveler. And I’m not from Earth,” said Flora. She reclined on a chair on the side of a living room.

“Why are you on Earth?” asked Tegan.

“Because it’s a nice planet. And I have friends here. I even once hoped to have family here,” said Flora. A wistful expression crossed her face.

“I’m an alien as well. From Traken,” said Nyssa.

“I thought Traken had been destroyed?” said Flora.

Tegan could see Nyssa’s face freeze up. Flora raised her hands in apology.

“I am sorry. You must be a survivor,” said Flora.

“Perhaps you should mind your own business,” hissed Tegan. Nyssa shook her head.

“No, it was nothing. I was rescued from the destruction of my planet by the Doctor, and travel with Tegan. We used to have another, but...things happened,” said Nyssa.

“The Doctor? Do you mean a Time Lord?” said Flora.

“Yes. How do you know so much about us?” said Tegan. A shadow from the side of her eyes caught her attention. For a split second, she saw a black shape move in front of her, then it disappeared.

“I know about the Doctor. I used to travel with him. I am a Time Lord as well, and he was my friend at one point,” said Flora.

“You're a Time Lord?” asked Nyssa.

“Yes. But please, enough about me. Do you wish to see my masterpiece?” said Flora.

Tegan saw it again. A black form on the ceiling, creeping around. Its eyes are even blacker somehow, and from its mouth, she heard a sound.

“Join us,” said the sound.

“A vision of a city with skies of gold, falling apart, and then rebuilding, and falling into pieces, over and over again, until insanity set into even the simple bystander, and all this happening in five different realities simultaneously.”

“Tegan!” said Nyssa.

Tegan opened her eyes. She had fallen on the floor, her lip bleeding slightly. The floor drummed out a beat as she got up.

“What was that?” asked Tegan. Flora didn't look her in the eye, just kept on walking.

Tegan followed her deeper into the house. The rooms got darker, more moody. Tegan could hear the sounds of the walls as she walked, and yet hints of a message came through as well. The message made her blood boil, made her think of darkness and gold and extermination.

“There is something else in this house with us. They are trying to tell us something,” said Nyssa. Her brain was already trying to analyze the occurrence, whereas Tegan just felt odd.

“Don’t listen. The message is meant for me,” said Flora softly. With one swift motion, she opened the door.

Tegan saw a large swirling light. And as soon as she laid eyes on it, a sound filtered through her head. It was a beautiful song, with lyrics that Tegan couldn’t quite understand, but they felt beautiful nonetheless. It reminded her of her first days on a plane, when she saw the city as just a speck, and felt a sense of “grandness. She hadn’t felt that way for a while after then, not until she started traveling on the TARDIS.

Then she blinked her eyes, and the sound was gone for a second. When she turned her head, the sound was gone. When she turned back to the light, the sound returned.

“That’s marvelous. You’re using photokinetic block transfer computations, manipulating the person’s audial cortex to translate into a song,” said Nyssa. Tegan was too transfixed to speak.

“This took me three lifetimes to complete. But I’ve finally made a good prototype,” said Flora.

More of the walking shadows appeared. Tegan tried to look away.

“These creatures...they seem to use similar principles to your music. When I look at them, I can hear their voices,” said Nyssa.

“Which implies something horrible. That’s why I have a request of you and Tegan,” said Flora.

“A request? You never said anything about a request?” said Tegan.

“It won't require anything from you. It's just, very soon, the Time Lords will be going to war. And they will need everyone to fight. I have been spending so long on Earth, developing my sounds, practicing my music. And spending time with the Doctor just made me even better. But I'm going to have to fight in a hellish battle that I do not think I will survive.”

“Why don't you stay here?” said Nyssa.

“My cousins, and my aunts, and my friends, are fighting. Many have died, and some will die. That's what these shades are—warnings of who I have already lost,” said Flora

“I still don't see how we enter into this,” said Tegan. She looked at one of the shades. It seemed clearer, solider, and almost like--

Adric dies right in front of Tegan. He fell into the Earth, pinned down by the wreckage. He opens his eyes, saying “Join the Time War. Save the others--”

“Father!” cried Nyssa. Her eyes were filled with tears, and she reached out to the shade.

Tegan snatched her hand away. The shadow, still in the form of Adric, snarled at her. She ignored it, and embraced Nyssa.

“It's okay, Nyssa. That isn't your father. It's just a shadow,” said Tegan.

“The more powerful the grief, the more powerful the shade's effect,” said Flora.

She glared at Flora, and said “You made those, didn't you?”

“I think so, in my future. Propaganda for a War effort—I would never use my abilities for that...and yet I will. This is how the Time Lords make sure you are inevitably going to join the War—they force your

future to control your past,” said Flora.

“Tegan, I don’t know if I’m coming back. And I want my music to be remembered. Will you remember it for me?” asked Flora.

“What do you mean?” asked Tegan.

“It wouldn’t hurt. All you would have to do is look into the light, and I would just transfer the impression of it into your mind. Only you would remember what the music was. It’ll only manifest in occasional bouts of what I think you would call synesthesia,” said Flora.

“When you see images, you’ll hear sounds,” explained Nyssa before Tegan could ask.

“I just...” started Flora.

“You don’t want to go, without anyone forgetting what you made. You want something of yours to be remembered,” said Nyssa.

“So, why not let Nyssa?” asked Tegan.

“You remind me of myself, when I was younger. I saw your face when we met. I think you could use music in your life,” said Flora. It was odd hearing that from a woman who didn’t look too much older than Tegan, but spending time with the Doctor had prepared her for things like that.

“Do it, Tegan. It’ll mean the world to her,” whispered Nyssa into Tegan’s ears. Tegan saw a pleading look in Nyssa’s eyes, almost like she wanted to see Tegan say yes more than Flora did.

Tegan remembered how, a few minutes ago, she had been ready to walk away from the TARDIS. How much she had hated the strangeness of life.

“Oh, rabbits. Let’s make this quick,” said Tegan with a shrug.

A few minutes later, Flora led them down the steps. Nyssa had composed herself by now. Tegan still felt a little woozy—it was like fireworks and an orchestra had funneled into her—but still felt healthy. The shadows were following them now, but Tegan couldn't hear their messages anymore.

The Doctor stood at the bottom of the steps.

“Hello, Nyssa and Tegan. I was getting worried for you,” he said. He looked at Flora, and cocked his head.

“Hello Doctor. Don’t ask me if you’ve seen me before, I won’t answer. Laws of Time and what not,” said Flora.

“What happened to you?” asked the Doctor. He looked at Tegan.

“What’s up?” asked Tegan.

“You seem different,” said the Doctor to Tegan.

“I added something to her. It’s harmless,” said Flora.

“Thank you, Flora, for showing us your house,” said Nyssa.

“Now I’m returning to the house. I’ve been ignoring the shadows for so long. Everything’s in order, thanks to Tegan,” said Flora. Her wide smile made Tegan feel a little bashful, and jingles rushed through Tegan’s head.

“Do you need my help?” asked the Doctor.

“No. This isn’t your war, and I hope it never will be. Goodbye, all of you. You’ve given me peace of mind,” said Flora. Tegan thought she saw tears come to Flora’s eyes.

"Tegan, music is in your head now. You're going to feel the emotion in the world all around you, stronger than ever. Don't let it break you," said Flora.

"Oh, now you tell me the side-effects?" said Tegan.

But Flora was already off in the shadows of the house. Tegan thought she heard the sounds of hell ricochet through that house, but then she realized it was just the wind.

"Are you still leaving the TARDIS?" asked the Doctor. Tegan saw herself reflected in the Doctor's eyes, and she felt he already knew the answer.

As Tegan walked back to the TARDIS, she heard the sound of a billion orchestras resounding through her head.

Leela And The Lost Journal Of Marco Polo

By bookanon

"STOP THE TARDIS WE'RE OUT OF JELLY BABIES NO DON'T TOUCH THAT LEELA I WAS TALKING TO MYSELF" the Fourth Doctor said while straight up flipping shit because that thing he said. Leela hadn't actually moved at all in this ten second outburst. "I haven't moved at all" she said as the Doctor pushed a bright red button on the conso-

Leela woke up with some dried blood on her forehead oh she hit her head on the console when the Doctor stopped the TARDIS so suddenly he really could have told her to hold onto something WAIT OH NO THE DOCTOR WHERE IS HE oh the door is open. Leela stepped out of the TARDIS with a headache but whatever she's tough okay wow it is very bright outside as she staggers outside to see the Doctor leaving a little shop(pe) with that toothy grin thing going on. "Leela, glad you're up from your very sudden nap, I got the jelly babies and everything is fine now" he said while still managing to present every tooth in his mouth. Leela just sort of stared at him with her head tilted while he walked back inside the TARDIS, then hurried back inside as well before he forgot she wasn't there. Again. At least nothing else went wrong that day but wow talk about irresponsible and I'm sure he stole those candies and the Fifth Doctor will have to clean up that mess, he always does. Seriously, listen to the Key 2 Time trilogy, it's dope.

Vwoorp vwoorp the end whatever

Star-crossed

By Ben Saunders

An adventure with a Doctor, as played by Jenna Coleman

The Doctor came to a halt and examined her new persona in the reflective crystal wall of the Exxilon's cathedral. She hadn't had a chance to stop running ever since she was mortally wounded in the skirmish on the city's edge. As she stared into her own deep brown eyes and at her own curiously soft face, she wondered... had she seen this face before? It felt awfully familiar, yet any time she got a definite lock onto whatever this familiarity came from, it was as if the entry was just that moment deleted from her memory banks, and faded away like the residual smoke from a blown-out candle flame, the smell still there, but the room quickly returning to how it had been before.

She was now a young, late-twenties looking girl with slightly tanned skin and a button nose. With her long brown hair falling over her face just a little bit and her striking red lips, she was rather enjoyable to look at, she thought to herself. Which was a bit of a strange thing to think about yourself, really. And those curves were an interesting new addition.... Shaking off any strange thoughts she was having about herself, she reached out towards her own hand on the glass, noting that perhaps she would need to invest in some new clothes, as this frilly shirt and overcoat suddenly looked a bit tomboyish. Not that there was really anything wrong with that, she added to her own inner monologue.

As she touched her own reflection, she felt a longing, the kind you'd feel when thinking about a lost loved one or a lover on the other side of the ocean. A strange, new face, and certainly a brand new experience for the now female Doctor, yet... it was as if she'd been friends with this face for many years and been to hell and back with this brand new visage. It was as if this hand had reached out to the Doctor dozens of times before, not just for help, but in helping the Doctor, in supporting him, or her, and reminding him that (s)he was a good (wo)man.

She would think much about this later, but she -was- in a bit of a hurry at this present time. After all, she -was- being chased out of the city for desecrating the holy place of the Exxilons, and perhaps she shouldn't dilly-dally any longer, else she wouldn't be knowing this face for very long.

Sgt Pink's Big Day In

By Guy Biggs

An adventure with Danny Pink.

Danny noticed that the steamy, damp, dimly lit room smelled like sweaty bodies as he took in a deep breath and opened his eyes. He was surrounded by stacks upon stacks of Rigsy's damp towels. The strong aroma made him smile as he slowly shuffled near one of the stacks.

He could feel the warmth against his naked body as he began to chant quietly "I'm hot 'n ready... hot 'n ready... hot 'n ready..." He picked up a large face washer from the succulent John Lewis® towel and pressed it face-down against his hairy chest -- smearing it around and leaving Rigsy's sweat dripping down his own sweaty body. He continued grabbing more towels and rubbing them against his chest -- chanting "So hot 'n ready!" louder and louder. Eventually the sweat pooled up and ran down his chest, coating his mane of pubic hair.

This pleased Danny very much as he began stroking his engorged member. As the smell of body odour hit his nostrils and the sweat poured off of his gleaming body he was brought closer and closer to the point of orgasm.

All of a sudden Danny snapped out of it and realized that he was not in the mecca of towels -- he was instead lying in the middle of the road after being hit by a car. At that moment he remembered what he was supposed to be doing and did what he did best. "I WAS A SOLDIER" he yelled... still trying to hide his raging erection.

A Decent Cup Of Coffee

By CoverAnon

An adventure with the Twelfth Doctor.

When the Doctor travels with people, he finds that they tend to require refreshments every now and again. He himself understands this, because despite his all the powers his species holds, they still need food and drink every so often to keep themselves relatively sane.

Now is one of those times.

Heading deep into the halls of the TARDIS, the Doctor attempts to find the kitchen - wherever she may have put it this time. Eventually, after some searching, he finds it. The room is large, and resembles what a modern home's kitchen might look like - but with a few technical nuances here and there. A bowl of fish fingers and custard sits on the metallic silver table.

"God knows how long that's been there..." he thought.

Opening the cupboard, he sifts through various boxes and cans of products from different planets - for instance, a can of Ood-les.

"Why did I buy that?"

Pushing that away, he finds a dark brown bag with a coffee bean symbol on it.

"Ah." he uttered.

He grabs the bag and takes a look at it, remembering that he picked this up from the Planet of Coffee Shops not too long ago, pretending to be from the Intergalactic Coffee Roasting Station on an important inspection to make sure everything was in shape.

"I didn't even need to convince them, they just gave it to me. Guess it shows how much tired, underpaid employees care about their jobs, even across the galaxy," he said to himself with a scoff.

He then walks over to his coffee machine, a vintage looking item that in his opinion works fine - all his companions however, say otherwise.

"Now how does Clara do this..." the Doctor said with a huff, opening the bag, letting the strong smell of coffee beans waft into his nostrils.

Opening the top of the coffee machine, he unsurely begins to put the beans into the compartment and stops once the bag is at a halfway point and the compartment is nearly full. He then stands there and waits for a moment, impatiently.

"Wait. There's more to this, isn't there?" he thought. "...Water."

He then goes over to the sink, grabs a cup and fills it up with hot water, then quickly goes back to the coffee machine and pours it in. The compartment begins to overflow and a few coffee beans spill out, much to his frustration.

"How do humans do this every morning?!" he complained in his head.

Hurriedly, he shuts the compartment before any more damage can be done, and switches on the machine, waiting for a moment as the machine hums. Shortly after, scalding dark brown liquid begins to pour out from the machine... and splashes onto the Doctor's legs.

He lets out a shout of pain as he stumbles backwards, furiously wiping the liquid off his beige tartan trousers.

"What the hell was that for?!" he growled.

Looking up, he notices he forgot one important detail.

A pot.

He blinks. His brow then lowers angrily as he fumes.

...

After having grabbed a coffee pot and changing into a clean pair of trousers, the Doctor starts the machine up again. To his relief, the coffee goes into the pot instead of on his clothes.

"I knew I could do it. I don't need Clara for everything." he boasted.

Minutes later, the coffee machine lets out a buzz, signifying that the coffee has been fully brewed. The Doctor is at the ready, having retrieved his favorite mug - TARDIS blue that says 'I'M AGAINST MONDAYS' on it - and pulls out the pot carefully. Filling up the mug, he raises it up to take his first sip, the sip that costed a pair of trousers and some of the Doctor's sanity, the sip that would change the Doctor's mood for the rest of the day, maybe even the next week if he's lucky.

And he sips. His eyes pop open, a distasteful glint in them.

"...Ffffff-

...

DING-DONG!

Clara Oswald opens the door to her flat, and is greeted by a tired, exhausted looking Doctor.

She smirks and lets out a chuckle. "Well, look who's here so bright and early. You look like you had a fun night. I was just about to go out for a coffee, you wanna come?"

The Doctor's eye twitches. "Clara, at this point I'll take anything."

A Poem About the Fourth Doctor

By a Random Poetic Anon

I mean, it's literally a poem about the Fourth Doctor. Not even an adventure, really.

The Doctor and Romana passing by,
A ferry-ride of four enamoured hearts,
Until, emerging from the open sky,
A magic cone consumes him and departs.

This scene, reused, will just have to suffice,
Should no-one pen old Four his own short trip.
A brownish waxwork's all we can provide
If Baker once again decides to skip.

/WHO/ HAIKU

By a Random Poetic Anon

It's a haiku.

Hoary big blue box
Running away with the 'Doc
From dull Gallifrey

Trash Talks

“What do you think he sees in that subhuman mind of his? Staring at all the faces? What part of his twisted mong brain finds it funny? Isn’t it curious? Isn’t he having a good ree right now? This is classic psychopath behaviour. Absolute parasite. Look how he runs to his mummy and gets the moderators to delete anything he doesn’t like! Are you reeeeing? Are you pretending to be someone else again? Are you talking to yourself? This is hilarious. I am laughing,” read Nyssa from the stone tablets. “Doctor, this is horrible.”

Her friend was some way off, standing on an outcrop of barren rock, so he could gaze troubledly at the reality bubble’s only other occupant - the colossal creature nesting atop the mound of gravel. When they’d first crash landed and seen its mottled, bulbous form quivering on the scanner screen, he’d told her it was a being that used to be a god. A mastermind in the shadows, that manifested its loathing of mortals through the spreading of confusion, anger and life-wasting bitterness. Nyssa, however, was struggling to believe it.

She looked at the entity, which the Doctor had referred to as *Monganoth*. Perched on its mound, and measuring (she guessed) about sixty feet high, it was busy rapidly scraping more words into stone blocks with its emaciated tendrils, and emitting a constant low murmur that she couldn’t make out from this distance.

“It’s just page after page of insults and ranting,” she called to the Doctor. “I can’t imagine how this...*being*...was ever a god of anything, if this is all it can dream up.”

The Doctor turned to face her, looking slightly forlorn. “It didn’t need to be creative, Nyssa.” He descended from the outcrop a bit too quickly, like he’d seen something frightening. “It didn’t even need to be powerful. No god ever does. It reigned from afar, and all it needed was information.”

There was the faintest of breezes, and that didn’t make sense to Nyssa because where would the wind be coming from? The Doctor had said this was a sealed environment, it shouldn’t have that kind of weather condition. The tiny whistle of the passing air met her ear, and for an instant she almost thought it formed a word, but that must have just been her imagination.

The Doctor went on. “Look at all of the things it’s made - all of this is junk data. Monganoth’s problem was that it was consumed by the meaninglessness of life, and turned that into hatred of others, a desire to make their lives as meaningless as its own. It created fake terrors and planted lies that burned empires, turned families against one another. Whole worlds were in its grip; people desperately tried to ward it off with rituals and campaigns, but you can’t touch a trickster god that lives a million

miles away.”

Worlds burning. None of those could have been her own, of course...a different kind of trickster was responsible for that one. “I’m assuming,” said Nyssa with a sad smile, “this story ends with a certain Time Lord appearing and imprisoning the monster in a reality bubble?”

The celery-wearer chuckled briefly to himself, though his eyes weren’t in it. “You might be right. Only trouble is, I haven’t done it yet. So if it’s me, it’s in my future - perhaps even another face...I don’t know if I’d have done it this way.”

“Whyever not? It seems safe.”

“Safety isn’t the issue.”

“Are you saying you’d rather have put it out of its misery?”

“Don’t put words in my mouth, Nyssa, you know that’s not how I prefer to do things if I can help it.”

“But it would be a mercy. Look, we can see its thoughts on these stones. It just spends all day hating these people - one person, actually, who it accuses everyone of being--”

“Quite the chameleon.”

--and going in these loops of insults about how disgusted it is. It clearly isn’t happy, even if it does say it’s always laughing.”

Her friend gave her a searching look. “How can you know that?”

She wasn’t altogether sure if he was serious. “Spending one’s time doing *this* is not a sign of a fulfilling existence, Doctor. It’s projecting its inner pain into these stories.”

“But who’s to say it isn’t happy in its own way?”

“It’s insane!”

“It looks insane to us. How must we look to it? This is the only form of happiness that Monganoth can get from its life. Who are we to say it should end? Whoever created this bubble wanted to give it the right to continued life. Perhaps they wanted to see if, given a very long space of time, it could develop into something better. If, made incapable of truly hurting others ever again, it would realise the futility of how it had been living.”

Nyssa wasn’t altogether convinced, but she let the Doctor’s point stand, although she still wondered what his real objection to Monganoth’s imprisonment was. As he worked on repairing the TARDIS for their flight out of here, she wandered through some more of Monganoth’s mythology of spite, trying to find anything new or surprising in its endless streams. There were some truly galling pieces of hatred - wishing death upon the mentally ill was one low point, and Nyssa wondered if that was something internalised leaking out - but mainly it concerned an ever-expanding constellation of

characters who were all aliases of the same person, like some sort of face-changer. There were repeated images too, crude drawings of wrinkled, toothy, grinning faces...what did it see in them? The effect was alarming, as if the tablets had their own calcified souls that gazed out at Nyssa with condescension.

Most bewildering of all was the tone. Monganoth wrote with a weird, pompous certainty that it was the sensible one offering intelligent criticism, even though everything it asserted was so absurd as to be a joke. It was impossible to tell if it was aware of this absurdity and perpetuated it out of a desire to spread falsehood, or if it honestly believed in the things it wrote as more than just a silly story.

It didn't take too long for the TARDIS to be ready, only a few hours. All the while Monganoth did not register their presence, or if it did, it elected not to bother with them.

"It's not so different from any one of us," the Doctor suddenly said to Nyssa as they were preparing to leave.

"...I'm not sure what you mean, Doctor."

"I mean," and his voice took on that gentle quality, "what Monganoth does is something that we all do, to a certain extent. Everyone has their own personal mythology, the stories we tell ourselves about the world and other people, and often those stories have no relationship to the truth. It's just a way of rationalising the difficulties of being alive."

"But when there's this much rationalising, doesn't that suggest there's a much greater difficulty? I'm sorry, Doctor, I just feel awful thinking about that poor creature being left to go on like this...forever."

"It's not your problem, Nyssa. If that creature wishes to die, then it can. But did you, in all that time you were reading those tablets, see anything you could definitively say was a death wish?"

She had thought there was something, but not definitive. She gave up. "Alright, Doctor. Let's just get out of here."

"Absolutely. As long as Monganoth stays concealed in its little dream bubble, there's nothing to fret about. I only wish it had been given something else to do...but never mind. Now, let's get back to finding that planet of the crisps."

There was a grinding moan of engines, and the beast was once more alone in its realm.

After a timespan that could have been several seconds or years, the light of the artificial suns had turned to dusk, and the hoarse breath of the TARDIS sounded yet again on the bubble's dusty slopes. A short man emerged from its front doors, wielding an umbrella, and walked all the way up the incline to

Monganoth's dirt throne. The creature did not initially acknowledge him, fervently continuing to scrape and scrawl words into the stone as it forever embellished its own Gospel. It did not see the cold eye of disdain on its visitor's face, nor listen as he began to speak in a voice rigid with disgust.

"To think this is what became of you."

The Doctor looked at his feet, and kicked away a stone tablet that had fallen by Monganoth's side. It skittered down the slope with great echoing cracks of rock on rock. "Rubbish. Garbage. Waste material from the second it came into being...all this time and you can't even spin a better story for yourself. Are you *proud*?"

The last part, shouted into the air, travelled to the broken god's shriveled ear. Distracted for the first time in aeons, its lumpen folds began a symphonic squelching as the beast twisted round to look at the tiny mortal - a mortal it faintly recognised.

Immediately Monganoth leant forward and breathed a fog from its insides, a wet brown haze funnelling rapidly out of its distended mouth, rushing towards the Doctor on the air. He smartly raised his umbrella and blocked the plume of gas that streamed past him, carrying with it a million tiny voices - gaseous words - that whispered bile into his ears.

you seem to fully believe in your own ability to mimic different personalities and in any dialect and it's so good that you 'fool' everyone

you really don't

WEW LAD

KEK

Made you ree as predicted

"I suppose that even trash will sometimes talk," the Doctor calmly mused. "What you are is a perversion of life. The very systems of information exchange that bring a sentient soul into the light, you have all but closed off. Or perhaps I should say, *rrrreprogrammed* into a feedback loop." The umbrella came down as the poison cloud dissipated. "You have become little more than a narrative eating its own tail...and somehow still releasing excrement," he added, with a solemn gesture to the mountains of Monganoth's lore piled up around them. "That's no life."

Monganoth leered down at the Doctor, paradoxical inanities slipping from its bloated lips like loose drool.

"I was wrong back then. Sentimental." The Time Lord turned grimly on his heel and began to stride back towards his vehicle. "There's always a risk that you will be found again, like my past self stumbled onto you...a risk that you might once more infect others, escape." He did not look at Monganoth again as he reached the doors, though he could hear it slobber over its empire of nonsense.

The Doctor stood briefly in the doorway before closing himself within his TARDIS.
"My apologies for ever letting you live."

As the TARDIS dematerialised, the reality bubble that was built to house Monganoth slowly began to unravel. The story became particles, and the particles became nothing, and the beast was finally put to sleep.

Entrusted To Me

By Some Random Anon

An adventure with Jack Harkness and Amy Pond.

Editor's Note: This was the one of the first ever entries of this anthology, back in 2015.

"Amy Pond, you know; this name sounds familiar to me. Did you ever know a man known as The Doctor?" Jack asked with a puzzled grin.

"Yes, I once traveled with him back in the day, but now I merely reside quietly with my husband in New York City," Amy responded.

"Funny thing is I too also had my fair share of runnings with him, he was with another girl though, I think her name was Rose or something having to do with a flower," Jack said back with a sarcastic nature. "Speaking of old friends, you should be well familiar with what I'm about to show you."

Jack grabbed Amy's hand as he lead to her an abandoned DeLorean automobile. He, grinned, and slowly unlocked the side doors to reveal the inside of the TARDIS.

"Since you traveled with the Doctor, I suppose this is no shocker for you," Jack said with pride.

Amy looked with glee at the small yet big spacecraft she once knew and asked with a hopeful smile, "Is the Doctor with you?"

Jack's cheerful nature was suddenly gone as he looked for the right words to tell her about The Doctor's tragic demise.

"No, let's just say the Doctor did what he had to do," Jack finally said.

"You mean, he's dead?" Amy asked looking puzzled remembering the last time she thought he died, "surely there are others out there, he's a time traveler; you are bound to see him again."

Jack remained silent knowing full well this wasn't the case until he spoke, "The Doctor entrusted the TARDIS to me and I intend to take care of her."

Noticing the expression of the man's face, Amy started to feel a slight concern that he may have been telling the truth. But at the same time, he could be lying about how he could have stolen the TARDIS away from the Doctor.

The Doctor couldn't be dead, right?

The RhymeLord

By Schlemihl

An adventure with Seventh Doctor and Ace

THERE WAS AN OLD ENEMY OF THE RACE TIMELORD,

Who lived in Gallifreyan children's brains;

He was known only as the Rhymelord

Because of his constant poetic refrains.

The Doctor never believed these stories

Until it was much too late for jokes

He would lose after all his glories

To a villain dumber than Tegan's folks.

Finding himself trapped, the Doctor

Sought to contact his friend Ace;

But the Rhymelord knew to block her

From ever reaching that cherished place.

Happy he'd caught a Timelord in his citadel,

He sought to extract the vast knowledge

From inside the TARDIS's deepest cell

Of alphabets Aramaic to Zirrolej.

With this information, the villain could

Continue taunting his enemies forever

In numerous tongues oft misunderstood

Just to make himself seem oh so clever.

Ace knew where the Doctor was trapped,

Having hidden and watched the crime

She followed while her mentor was kidnapped

By the evil man who loved only to rhyme.

She realized he derived his incredible power

From a quite ludicrous alien device,

He spoke his words into a magical tower

To make his enemies pay the price.

Thinking he and the doctor were all alone,

He had no thought of guarding,

The machine of origin unknown,
Unsuspecting Ace's nitro nine bombarding.
With his power source destroyed,
The Rhymelord had to pay the price,
The Doctor then trapped him in a void,
With some kooky magic Timelord device.
Leaving happily with his companion,
The Doctor sought a saner foe,
Maybe in an old quarry or canyon
He could cause the Daleks some much-needed woe.

An adventure with the War Doctor.

With a wheezing, groaning sound the TARDIS materialized behind some bins. A man with a bandolier and scruffy white beard stepped out, peering left and right to see if he'd been spotted. "Right then... August 2016. Signal's definitely coming from here." he muttered to himself.

His boots crunched a broken bottle as he strode down the alley. It was a soggy London afternoon, and he could see a street full of people in coats and umbrellas. The Time Lord stared sadly into the rain.

Just then, a gruff northern voice shouted "GIMME YOUR CRISPS!" from somewhere behind him.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked, not turning around.

"YOUR CRISPS! NOW!" repeated the voice.

"I haven't got any. Go away."

"THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST DIE!" the shaven-headed figure roared, lunging forward menacingly. Quicker than he looked, the old man sidestepped and jabbed his Sonic Screwdriver at the mugger, who vanished in a blinding flash of light.

"What the hell was that about?" said the Doctor.

FROM: Gallifrey High Command

TO: M

Type 40 TARDIS has been detected in your area. Likely the Doctor. Proceed with caution.

"Something's different. London's gone wrong." the Doctor grumbled. He was sitting in a park bench, out of the downpour.

"What?" asked the man next to him.

"Can't quite put my finger on it.... people are behaving strangely, like something's come over them. Just look at the bus

adverts - 'organic sex chocolate'? 'Remember to SPLINK'?"

"What?"

"Hang on..."

He stood up, extending his Screwdriver toward the man. Its red light started blinking, and he grinned savagely.

"Ahh. You're not human."

"What?"

"For God's sake, stop saying 'what'! You're not Gallifreyan either, and certainly not Dalek - what's your part in the War?"

The man shimmered, tessellating into a sinister black-robed form.

"We are the Adherents of the Repeated Meme. This world is ours", it boomed.

"I really don't think it is" said the Doctor, looking irritated.

The figure shot out its arm, zapping the old warrior with a blinding white light. He slumped to the ground, as two other figures dragged him away.

"Our Master will deal with you".

The Doctor regained consciousness slowly, finding himself in pristine white room.

"Mmf. Time Lords. I might have known. What have you done now?" he roared at the empty console room.

"Ah, my dear Doctor. Always asking questions."

A figure emerged from the bowels of the battle TARDIS, cloaked in shadows.

The Doctor sighed. "Of course. It would be you."

The Gallifreyan commander stepped forward, tucking a pink-plumed helmet under his arm. "Good to see you too, Doctor. Though I understand you no longer go by that name."

For the first time, the Doctor looked surprised. "...Maxil? YOU'RE behind this?"

"I am".

"Not the Master."

"No."

"Are you sure? Clerical error, maybe?"

"CEASE THE MOCKERY!" shouted a nearby Adherent.

"I see you've met my allies" Maxil said.

"Sadly, yes. How did you fall in with this lot? Were the Menoptera busy?"

"War makes strange bedfellows, Doctor, you know that. You were our most capable agent... yet unreliable. Always disobeying orders, refusing to accept collateral damage."

"So you decided to replace me with a gang of robots in hoods? I'm insulted."

Maxil chuckled. "No, no. You might say, we decided to replace them with you."

The Doctor's eyes widened. "Of course. The Repeated Meme..."

"Overload a sentient being with Time Lord data, it becomes a functional duplicate of the source. A little trick we picked up from Jackson Lake."

"Never heard of him."

"You will." Maxil raised a hand to his chin smugly - he was enjoying this.

"But something's gone wrong, hasn't it? They aren't duplicating me at all, just shouting nonsense."

"There have been... bumps" he admitted grudgingly.

"Cut corners, didn't you? Where are you even getting the content - my biodata's not on record, I made sure of that."

"No, there was nothing whatsoever about you on Gallifrey. Earth, however..."

The Doctor sighed. "You patched them directly to the local networks".

"Yes, and you've left quite an imprint - within minutes, the Adherents had found a rich source of memes about you. /who/, I think it was called."

"Oh, for God's sake, don't you know anything?" sputtered the Doctor incredulously.

"I fail to see."

"Maxil, humans of this era were known for their love of terrible memes! 'Shitposting', they called it! You've just tried to weaponize a heap of bad jokes and catchphrases."

The Gallifreyan Guard was silent for a moment. "No. No, I cannot accept that."

"I'll prove it!" said the Doctor, turning to the Adherent on his left, who'd taken the form of a fat, bearded man. "Why are you holding me prisoner?" he asked it.

"Because.... you're not English enough?" it muttered, apparently confused.

"That's Gareth!" piped another.

"You see!" the Doctor called out. "Nothing but rubbish memes. Call this a fighting force? If they had bowels, the Daleks would shit themselves laughing."

Maxil was silent. The Doctor shrugged off the Adherents' grip and stepped up the TARDIS stairs to face him.

"Leave Earth. While you still have the chance", he said, deadly quiet.

Maxil seethed, pulling out his stasor pistol and leveling it at the Doctor, who raised his eyebrows.

"No, Doctor - if the meme corps are ineffective, you will help me enhance them. Or else."

"Or else what? You'll shoot me? It has been a while..."

"I'll destroy the one thing you care for most".

"Sorry, but I don't have a companion. Not anymore."

The Commander hit a button, revealing a large carton of juice in a glass case. The Doctor's eyes widened.

"You really have gone mad, haven't you?" he said. Maxil laughed, brandishing a remote in his left hand.

"One press of this button, and the chamber is flooded with Spectrox. You remember Spectrox, don't you? From the time you STOLE MY FACE?"

"Gas the juice!" Gareth chimed in.

Suddenly, a blueish-white wave of energy rocked the console room. It looked like a crap special effect.

"WHAT WAS THAT?" Maxil screamed at his minions.

"Ah, that would be me" said the Doctor. "You left a keyboard unguarded up here, so I've just been pushing 9 for the past few minutes. God knows what it'll do."

"NO..." Maxil screamed as the Battle TARDIS's screens filled with pixellated digits.

"Check 'em!" yelled the Doctor triumphantly as he ran for the door.

The TARDIS, which from the outside looked like a plain white cylinder - no imagination, thought the Doctor dismissively - warped horribly and vanished.

The rain began to slow, as the Doctor returned to his phone box, shaking his head. He'd seen horrible things - Dalek mutation camps, whole planets screaming into the abyss - but nothing quite as *stupid* as this.

Two cats watched him enter the alley, cattily. "Fuck off, cats" he muttered.

The man with the bandolier stepped into his TARDIS, and faded away.

"A Meme Come True"

By /who/tube anon

Second Interlude: Oh, By Rassilon!

“Oh, by Rassilon! What are you even doing?” said the War Doctor. He got up, and walked to the door. My grandmother jumped up, and grabbed his arm.

“Listen to one last story, before you go. This last tale is extremely important,” said my grandmother. Her eyes stared straight into the Doctor’s.

“Do you think any story you could tell me could stop what I’m going to do? The war I’ve fought in has cost thousands of lives. I have had to cradle children in my arms, as the life passed from their eyes. I have seen the Daleks march across the sands of my homeworld five times over, and seen my comrades die again and again,” said the War Doctor, and he continued, with a snarl in his voice “Gallifrey has been sacrificed twice already, once to the Enemy, and once to the Faction. It never ends. You show me cheap tricks and tawdry whimsies, but I have seen hell. One more story, you say? Let me tell you a story. Let me tell you one of the futures I have seen. Let me show you--”

“SILENCE!” said my grandmother. The Doctor fell down, crashing to the floor. I went to help him up, but my grandmother stopped me with a glance.

“You act as a child, Doctor. You think you’ve seen pain? You know nothing of the word. You think the fact that you carry a burden gives you the right to boast. You think that making the choice to end it all will provide you relief? You cannot be foolish enough to ask for redemption,” said my grandmother. Standing up, she looked like a tall Valkyrie, her voice crashing down on the Doctor. Pointing at me, she said “Your decision will kill that young girl. Can you look at her, knowing what you will do? Knowing how destructive that weapon will be?”

The Doctor sighed, but he tried to look at me. His eyes looked so sad, that I decided to turn away.

“Fine. Then you may leave. May Pythia burn your soul,” cursed my grandmother. She walked out of the room.

“She’ll have to get in line,” said the Doctor. He pushed himself off the floor.

I got an idea. It was clear that grandmother didn’t want to tell anymore stories. But I had one.

“I have a story to tell,” I said.

“About what?” the Doctor said.

“It’s a story in my dreams. It’s about the past, and the future, and the power of fiction,” I said.

“Why should I listen?” said the War Doctor. I could tell that he was annoyed.

“Because I think you’ve forgotten the power of a simple story. Because you want to listen. And every life is a story, and every story can be changed, if you can seek the slight pauses, and take your chance.”

The Doctor paused for a moment. And I took my chance, and began to speak.

The Hybrid

By CatharticSpurious

An adventure featuring the Doctor's future, and his past.

1. WORDS

The Doctor had just whispered something to the Beast. Bill didn't catch what it was from the pit; in the roaring acoustics of the cave she only made out a few of his lips' decisive motions, the sound lost. He stood resolute at the end of the collapsed bridge, his expression cool yet sagging, the depths of his ancient eyes engulfing all before him.

Far below, Bill forgot the sweat slick on her skin, the pit dirt matted on her bare arms, the discomfort of her hiding place - she couldn't unfix her gaze from the Doctor, and whatever the hell he'd done - said - to save them.

She had her doubts.

The Doctor's motor mouth could fix a lot of things, but this?

Hell no.

Bill swallowed the primal fear, and took a deep, steady breath. *Ball's in your court, Satan.*

Why wasn't the Beast reacting?

Its stillness radiated into the cave. The roaring of the fires, and all other noises, seemed to fade into the background. Perhaps it was drowned out by the sound of Bill's heartbeat in her ears.

She couldn't make herself look directly at that face. The jagged red face, with beaded black hole eyes, spike jaws. Something wrong with that, on the subconscious level. But in the edge of her vision, she could tell it was staring. Thinking.

Then it screamed.

The Beast screamed, and not the proud, hateful shrieks that had greeted Bill and the Doctor when they descended into the cave. This was softer, higher in pitch, with a wet throaty quality, strangled and strained. Earth-shattering noise erupted in the cave as the behemoth began to flail and writhe against the chains binding it to the rock; Bill felt debris skim her hair and darted out of the way of falling stones. The scream was stomach-turning, a frequency that vibrated in her guts, and a fleshy urgency that struck an animal instinct for pity. Brought to her hands and knees as the cave rocked, Bill flung a wild glance up to where the Doctor was still standing, motionless, at the severed end of the broken bridge.

The Doctor wasn't reacting. It didn't look as though he was feeling anything but disdain.

The ultimate Beast that had haunted the mythology of a million species, its pitiful scream unceasing, finally wrenched one calloused arm free of its bondage, and swung it upwards in a desperate arc.

"Doctor?!" yelled Bill.

The Doctor didn't look at her.

Even though he always looked - this time, something was stopping him.

"What-" she began, her voice dropping down to a mortified breath after one word, the moment she realised.

"What did you say to it? How'd you get it to do *that*?"

The Doctor gave no reply.

He'd said something he'd thought he might never say.

He forced himself to not shut his eyes, as the Beast opposite him began to claw out its own.

2. FEAR

This can't continue.

All kinds of things, including this dreary, dreary job, summarising, classifying and dumping old and abandoned texts. It strikes him that every single one, whether it is a gaseous novel, a flat article, or a graphical codex - no matter how amateurish, how dull - came from the imagination and the hard work of some living person (in some cases, possibly *still* living), and to be forced to skim through, reduce each one to a dry sentence, and then consign it to irrelevance, is a task that aggrieves him. But such things are necessary when there is an official history to be curated; idiosyncrasy and apocrypha have no home.

Yet this is the least of his worries.

It's completely his fault, writing and saying the things he does, but the impacts are beginning to be felt by the people he loves. There are words for people who don't sympathise with the official policy, who don't agree with the mindset. People who contradict the very idea of a Time Lord by questioning the immutable ownership of Time the title implies; depicting Time as something that ought to be experimented with and influenced and allowed to run in wild directions.

And there are words for the sort of people who associate with them. (Not that M would care.)

The shape of this society increasingly disillusioned and frightens him; with every new development of the world, the top-down control structure enacted over the arc of history is reiterated yet more by the social power hierarchy, creating a bottomless disparity in empathy - staggeringly ironic for a telepathic race, though perhaps unsurprising. And the individual's complicity in such things is enhanced on a daily basis by cultural spectres, like...

Terror of the Hybrid: A Dreadful Document of Doom

Mercy. Another one. He spins the dials and waits for the projection.

The Hybrid legend? A tired, reactionary paranoia, the Time Lords' most base and primal fear of ideological

miscegenation, so beneath them and yet so utterly typical - manifesting in mythic form. You can interpret everything about a culture from the stories it tells, especially the ones it believes. The vagueness about what was meant to have been hybridised with a Time Lord in the first place was the most telling aspect; you could substitute literally anything and the horror story remained intact. Which explained why it proved so lucrative for some of the trashy conspiracy literature he found himself skimming through. (The job wasn't without its small mercies - dumping such things in the archive, for example.)

And the very worst part of this regrettable legend, thinks the Doctor, the part that stings him the most every time he sees it repeated, is that it is based in perfect truth.

But he can no more put a voice to that truth, than he can retain his position in society if he continues to dissent from its core principles.

Fitting in has never been his *forté*. He has suspected for a long while now that there are eyes on him, searching his being, waiting for him to slip up, concocting boundless theories about what his true devious purpose might be. Maybe even since the Academy, although if he gets too paranoid about this he will be no better than the High Council.

Still.

If he *does* slip up - in a big way - there will be no limit to how much worse things can become.

He never, ever meant any harm. Well, not very much. But how could they ever understand?

He's not sure that it's even possible for them to understand.

There is a truth, burning and raging at the heart of him, that he can never express, lest it wreak untold devastation. Something he sees that no-one else can, something he still hasn't grasped how to deal with.

And there is something fated to happen in his future--

"This is about it. It looks as though there are some quite interesting ones here."

His granddaughter has dutifully returned to the room with the next set of files.

He looks her in the eye, and a mad notion suddenly grips him.

What if he told her everything, right now? How would she react? She has been his faithful apprentice, listened rapturously to his many tales and ideas as if she grasped them entirely. Could she accept the secret? Must it necessarily spell destruction?

"I don't have all day, Grandfather."

"Hmm?" He realises he has been staring.

"Is something distracting you again?" She smiles understandingly, and briefly. "Let's get these finished."

"Yes. Yes, of course. I was simply, eh, despondent at the quality of these writings. I was rendered quite speechless by the tome on the alleged Shabogian Sock Infiltration."

She giggles and approaches him. "Would you like me to handle the last batch, Grandfather? I'm sure you're quite fed up, and I suspect I'll go faster than you."

With a tap on the nose, he lightly chides her impertinence, and turns down her offer, probably out of pride. Before she leaves to go and join her friends, she bends forward and rests on the desk so her face is a little closer to him.

"I'm sure that things will be different soon. If we try very hard, I know we will be able to alter the narrative of this world, and then it will be up to you to decide how the old books are stored, and many other things as well. Don't give up, Grandfather." She underlines the last word with a serious, incredibly meaningful look, perhaps with so many

layers of meaning that he cannot understand all of them himself.

Then she is gone.

He's noticed her social circle subtly declining every time he sees it. Without thinking, he trained her to think like him, and thinking like him makes you enemies.

There are storm clouds on the horizon; oncoming waves of sentiment and tribalism that he sees forming in the distance. For people like his granddaughter, Gallifrey is on the verge of becoming a dangerous place - and for him specifically, perhaps the most dangerous place of all.

Perhaps soon, he thinks, he will have to seriously consider his last resort. The escape plan.

3. LIFE

"It's not so much a 'land'...more a 'Universe'," the Doctor explained. "'Multiverse', even. Try the flowers."

He gestured to the rosebush he and Bill were passing. She carefully drew a rose to her nose to smell it, only to learn that it was not a real rose but in fact made of candy.

"...I'm not even gonna go there. I'm saying nothing."

"You think that's stupid, wait until we get to the chocolate waterfall. Anyway, there needs to be a place like this to correspond with every last bit of sentient society, everywhere that fiction exists. All fiction manifests here."

A squirrel dashed across Bill's feet and vanished into the depths of the garden. She wondered what its story was.

"Wait. Do Daleks have stories?"

The Doctor looked distant for just a split second.

"I mean, is there a planet with fictional Daleks, whizzing about with superpowers? Or limbs."

"They have poetry."

Bill found that oddly sweet. "Like, epic ballads of conquest?"

"It's mostly variations of the word 'exterminate' repeated over and over."

"Oh."

They came to a vast lawn, on which some children with metal legs were playing a raucous game of tag around an enormous fountain. The fountain seemed to be hanging and erupting upside-down, with no regard for the laws of gravity.

The Doctor looked on wistfully. "Fiction is more than just a few symbols, or electrical pulses running round your soft brains," he explained with suppressed passion. "It's possibility. It's the ability of sentient creatures to imagine worlds and lives beyond the present moment - in other words, it's the key to change. Which means the universe needs it, just as much as the child who made up this garden needs it."

The children were crossing the lawn in great, machine-propelled bounds, frolicking like gazelles. Bill found it beautiful, while trying not to think about the terrible Adventures of Afro-Girl comics she briefly drew when she was six. "It's a shame they can't come here and see it."

"They built it. Isn't that the next best thing? But the universes of fiction and reality have to stay separate, or both would break down. People can't just come and go."

"You can."

A sly swerve of his eyeline. "I'm not people."

"What about them?" Bill looked back over at the children. "Are *they* people? Or are they like...holograms?"

"They're characters. They're constructed from narrative, in the sense that you and I are constructed from atoms. They're people, but they exist according to their story."

She blinked. "Hang on." Two of the children were playing piggyback. The others were laughing, shouting. "Do they have free will, then? Aren't they just...puppets?"

"Don't overthink it, Bill." The Doctor hit her with a strong gaze. "In the story, nobody controls them. They act on their own desires, and that's all free will means."

After wandering for a few hours and interacting with various, curious characters (the Doctor noted that the ones with bigger presences in the collective subconscious could be found more easily, while buried internet creations - like the electric hedgehogs they encountered - required you to stray from the beaten path), they came through a thick forest to the edge of a grassy cliff. It was as though the cliff led directly into space and they had come upon the outer edge of a flat earth, for opposite them was an endless dark sky of stars. These were all just more fictional images, the Doctor was careful to point out, but they made for a good sightseeing locale. Every so often a small spot would twinkle among some stars in the upper right, and Bill would wonder if there were some characters floating around up there in that breathtaking expanse.

"Why is this all here?" she couldn't help but wonder. "I get that stories are important. But what's the point of a universe where they all happen to be real, that we can't visit?"

They were seated on the grass, resting their legs and staring into fictional space. The Doctor had a tiny smile on his face. "I suppose calling it a 'universe' is misleading too, but no point stopping now. It's like a bubble around our own universe, that we're constantly depositing material into. That can happen because it's a possibility space, a space where time isn't yet written."

"Okay. Just about keeping up."

He was beginning to get excited. "And what's more, that possibility space surrounds our entire web of time. It's the reason we can even have a web, instead of just a boring straight line! It's the spatiality that allows timelines to diverge and--I'm getting sidetracked here. What was your question again?"

"I was asking...I don't even know now. Why we need to 'deposit' stuff in the 'bubble', I guess."

"Ah. Yes." Bill thought she saw outer space grow almost imperceptibly a shade darker. The Doctor sounded as if he was choosing his words very carefully. "The things here are precious. They're being stored, for a rainy day. No-one can be allowed to tamper with them."

He started to get to his feet, his eyes already leaving her. Bill could tell he was close to changing the subject, and pursued. "Being stored for what?"

"We've found it." The Doctor was staring off into space, focused on a point in the distance. "What we came here looking for."

"...Since when were we *looking* for anything? I thought you were just giving me the tour!" Bill tried to see what he was now pointing at, reminding herself to not let him forget her other question. She thought she could make out something glowing, a star that was slightly too orange.

"The Land of Fiction is prone to invasion like any other place. The TARDIS notified me. A very unpleasant customer from the Void is attempting to set up shop, and it's about time they were evicted." The Doctor made a

sweeping gesture with his arm, and all of a sudden, a very long bridge began to assemble itself in midair, leading away from the cliff into space, as if the stone itself was responding to his will. "Come on."

Without questioning how the hell he made that happen, Bill started to walk with him at a brisk pace, away from land and into the unknown. She slowly felt the fictional image of space dematerialising around them as they went, fading to darkness, becoming replaced by something warmer and noisier.

4. BEFORE

Three people.

One, a genius, represents Logic.

The second, a giant, represents Will.

The third, a storyteller, represents Imagination. This triumvirate share a much-documented purpose, although equally much ambiguity surrounds the nature of the third member, and an often omitted strand of the legend submits that this nature was radically different from that of their two colleagues.

To first establish the premise, all three are purportedly members of a sentient civilisation that by modern timeframes is pre-historic, but highly advanced. With their technologies of stellar manipulation, they intend to engineer a black hole and - through some occult device - use its powers to contravene the fabric of time itself. This is borne of a need for control, mastery. The ability to dictate and reshape the arc of history, and thus preserve it in an optimal form.

Imagination was at first conflicted about this idea. Even though (to choose a pronoun at random) he understood the ideals of his society, being a product of them in more ways than one, some part of his core beliefs appealed against them - to wield control over time, it went against his understanding of the universe. But by this point he has been able to swallow this down; he has inherited the lust for mastery from the minds that gave him life. It is the reason he fled his fluctuating home to join them in the first place, abandoned his role as 'master'.

Not that he has ever truly been a 'master' of that realm. He knows what it is, that much is certain; the knowledge was bequeathed to him on his creation, as it must surely be to someone on every cycle. He is a part of it, created in the same moment, and given a form drawn from the inhabitants of its attendant universe. He knows what it's for, why it is necessary.

But to be 'master' of that space was not to control it - at most, to supervise. Suggest. Give it ideas, while it went on its merry way around you. And Imagination, created in the image of the prehistoric ones, wanted some of the things they wanted. Forbidden knowledge. Understanding. So he invented a machine that could cross the boundary, and left the place of stories to join the world of the Real.

It was an slightly odd fit, but it worked. He blended in, no-one working out what he really was. Perhaps they did not realise it, but he was what they wanted; a fountain of possibility, an infusion of the Art. He became famous for his magical stories, his impossible creations, his unprecedented designs. Yet all the while, the other side of his internal contradiction (the desire to subdue possibility, rather than let it loose) was beginning to dominate, encouraged by his peers. It was by this long process that he ended up here, now, preparing to destroy a star in order to tame possibility once and for all.

Together with Logic and Will, he launches the experiment.

Some time passes before he realises his mistake, but he realises it with great severity. It was all well and good for him to fantasise about control over time, but actually living in a society where that's possible is another matter. They have created the first time travel capsules, designed by Imagination using his own machine as the secret basis, and from the use of these an enormous problem has arisen.

The crucial thing about a protected arc of history is that it precludes the ability of the people within it to enact forms of change other than those permitted to them by the authority. Imagination did not predict that Logic (Logic in particular - unfortunately, during the experiment, Will had become lost to a place where there was neither Fiction, nor anything Real) would relish this quite so much as it currently does. A culture has grown up around this stifling of possibility, the restriction of time to a single line through its careful manipulation; a linear progression that places Logic and its adherents on the cold throne.

Imagination wanted mastery. He wanted control over possibility. But what he wanted that control for, he now realises, was to expand things, not to flatten them. To take the ability of time travel and use it to engineer diverse, bold, wild new possibilities, branching in all directions according to creative sensibilities; to take possibility for a joyride, not to keep it in a cage. He hails from Fiction, and that is his inner nature. What the Time Lords (as they title themselves) are now doing, in a way, represents the anti-Fiction.

Imagination despises it, and for all his efforts, cannot keep this a secret. For this, he slowly and subtly takes on the aspect of a heretic in the eyes of his peers. His fame and status diminish. His works and stories begin to be viewed as degenerate, for they seem to evince a worldview where all people can be viewed as narratives, where life itself operates according to some narrative by an unseen author - is that political propaganda, the Lords wonder, a coded whistleblowing on their own manipulations, or is he simply insane? - and where, in the name of justice and empathy, narratives need to be restructured, rewritten, reimagined, reinterrogated, recombed, revealed!

Unacceptable. The Lords will not allow their authorship to be challenged.

One day Imagination realises he does not belong here anymore, and steps back into his travelling machine to return to his former home. He crosses the void, lands, and opens the doors to a world that he does not recognise - which would be normal, of course, as this realm is constantly shifting, save for the fact that something feels *wrong*.

He walks around, and finds the place more barren than usual. It is no longer a limitless, constantly erupting matrix of life and possibility. It has become more linear. It can be walked around in straight lines. The patches of stories that are manifesting, disparate characters and children's games, feel like faint embers of possibility, not the full blooded flames that existed previously. Something has corrupted and repressed the Fictionverse, and Imagination knows precisely what: it is a consequence of what the Time Lords have been doing to the timeline. The Fictionverse is a possibility space, and it is being starved of possibility.

Mortified, Imagination runs to his old imaginary castle where he previously supplied ideas and fictions for the maintenance of the realm, and sets about once more interfacing his mind with the Fictionverse.

It rejects him.

More to the point, it seems to no longer recognise him. It is as though, by entering the Real and succumbing to the instincts of the Reals, some inner part of Imagination has been corrupted. He is no longer pure. The balance that enabled him to be part of the realm has tipped.

Unable to influence the Fictionverse directly, Imagination realises there is only one way it can be liberated from its bondage and restored to its former breadth. It is absolutely imperative that this be achieved - what might happen, he contemplates with horror, if the end of the Universe comes to pass without a full and healthy seed prepared for the next cycle? But to undo the damage wrought by time travel, one needs time travel of one's own, and - it being beyond

even the Fictionverse's capacity to create - that is the one thing Imagination does not possess. He is practically an exile. It has been a long time since he was allowed access to the Time Lords' time capsules--

But there is something he *can* access.

Some time later, he stands before the shimmering depths of the colossal Weaves. Logic's devious intellect invented these long ago as a means of circumventing a curse on its people, vengefully cast upon them by a Witch in the moment they overthrew her, that condemned their bodies to be incapable of creating life. The Weaves transform reproduction into a perfectly logical, mechanical process, sorting threads of genetic information and memory as if they are no more than cloth. Gone, the ragged, analogue, cellular synthesis of sex; instead, an atom-level, digital manufacturing. Perfect for the plan.

They intimidate Imagination. But he still needs to throw himself into them.

Within him, there is information (atomic, electrical, in memory, in instinct) that he cannot use in this form. If he could pass it on somehow - not to a culture of Time Lords who will never listen to it, but to someone who will grow up to become a Time Lord, and take it with them into one of the time capsules - perhaps there might be salvation. And the only way to do that now is directly.

He no longer has a home. This particular life has used up all its possibilities, and with startling quickness. Perhaps that is just the way of the Real. Moving on does not bother him unduly, for (being Master) he has always understood himself as a narrative, even if like any other Fictionverse resident he has never been able to observe his own text. That's the difference with Reals; they can look upon themselves and see the randomised, quantum absurdity that governs their being. It inspires pity.

Which suddenly raises the question of what will happen - assuming this process even works, though should Fiction have any say, it will - if Imagination, a Fictional being, is somehow weaved into a Real.

If the two are thus fused...what will be the result?

Will it be Fictional or Real? Both? Neither?

And what will it be able to observe?

Will it know secrets hidden from even Imagination himself?

No more speculation.

For the sake of this universe and the next, the genetic history of the Time Lords has to become infected with Imagination. Perhaps, he considers, it's about time. He runs toward the Weaves.

5. NOW

"Can you confirm that you did not hear the words that were spoken?"

"Yeah."

"Can you confirm that you were not able to discern the spoken words by reading the lips of the accused?"

"Yes. I don't even know lip-reading." This was ridiculous.

The law types began conferring with each other. Bill thought she caught the words ‘with the mind probe’ among the murmurations, and the Doctor must have caught them too judging by his explosive reaction. “You will *not* touch my friend with the mind probe!”

She didn’t quite get what was so bad about a mind probe, but she took his word for it. She wondered if it was similar to an anal probe, like poking a rod in and wiggling it about, or if it was more sophisticated.

“What we do, Doctor,” the smooth voice of the General reprimanded, “is not yours to dictate.”

“You seem very sure of that.”

“History has borne up the conclusion.”

“Not recently.”

“I recall it usually ends with you running away.”

“And your lot picking up the pieces.”

“You will never be able to control us, Doctor, because you are incapable of taking responsibility. Even after the War, you couldn’t. It’s like being threatened by a child.”

“Would your last regeneration agree?” The words cut through the air.

A serene smile crossed the General’s black face. “I hear that on Earth, there are children who shoot people. You’d know better than me.”

The Doctor didn’t seem to have a comeback to that one - either that or he had too many and couldn’t choose. His face was a tempest. It was horrible, but Bill couldn’t avoid being slightly impressed. What had gone down between this woman and the Doctor?

“Still,” the General went on, and now she looked over to Bill, who felt decidedly inadequate, “the mind probe won’t be necessary. This one’s neither intelligent enough to lie to us nor stupid enough to try.”

“Um. Thanks?”

“Which means the only contaminated individual was the Beast, and fortunately for us it’s too traumatised to ever repeat what it heard. We’ve narrowly avoided the spread of the infohazard. But, Doctor, that doesn’t excuse your actions.”

“My actions,” the Doctor said through his teeth, “were to protect the land of Fiction.”

“And to do that, you risked the integrity of everything.”

“I was careful.”

“*There is no ‘careful’ when you are releasing an Omega-class infohazard!*” The General’s pristine composure slipped for a fraction of a second, and Bill saw desperation in her wide eyes. “Doctor. Whatever this secret is - a piece of information that was enough to reduce *the Beast* to a wreck - we know it’s the secret you defended for 4.5 billion years. We realise now you weren’t protecting yourself, but *us*. Don’t stop now. Don’t grow lax in your duty.”

“So you know it concerns the Hybrid.”

The word seemed to freeze the chamber. The General didn’t move. The lawyers didn’t move. The task force members, in their huge body armour, were as still as stone.

The Doctor carefully wavered his eye across every one of them, his haunted gaze and ice-sharp brow, satisfied that he was regaining control. Bill realised she’d been holding her breath.

He continued. “What do you think I told the Beast? There are only so many options.”

The General answered very quickly. “Doctor, stop.”

“How can you be so sure it’s what you think it is? If you don’t know what it is, how can you assign it value?”

“The Beast--”

“The Beast has notoriously bad aesthetics. Spray gun of holy water would probably have had the same effect.”

“Doctor, do not play this game. Defining an infohazard is no harder than following the perimeter of a hole without *falling in*. We know - and it has been suspected since before you went renegade, but only recently confirmed - that you possess information that could destroy Time Lord society.”

“Do you not feel a little absurd, though? Keeping files on things you can’t describe? It must be like playing *Taboo*.”

“He’s got a point,” added Bill, emboldened. “Do you also have files you’re not allowed to read? Is there a Time Lord file-burning party every--” She joked for another second before realising the General had somehow muted her. *Rude*.

The Doctor picked up the slack instantly. “It must be a very, very bad secret if you’d let yourselves look this stupid in public.”

“It’s always the same nonsense with you, isn’t it, Doctor? Do you think we’ll just let you change the subject?”

“You already have. And now you’re going to let me and my friend leave.”

“No. Not this time. Not again. You have to face consequences.”

“Are you prepared to face the consequences of pushing me? I told the Beast already, what’s stopping me?”

“Stun him.”

“*The Hybrid knows that the reality--*” A bolt of lightning flew from one of the task force’s guns and slammed into the Doctor. He keeled over, clenching his teeth and grimacing - but Bill could still hear him, forcing out words! “*The - reality - you - inhabit--*”

They ran at him.

“--is--”

“WAIT!”

Stillness fell in the room at the voice of the General. The task force stopped in its tracks. The only sound was the Doctor’s agonised panting. All eyes were split between him and her. With rage maligning her perfect features, the General spat, “We can’t take the risk that he isn’t bluffing.”

The Doctor gasped out a laugh. “One word - left. Should’ve - gone for - the face. Bill, to me!”

Bill obeyed him on instinct, running to his side.

“Anyone touches her, I spill the beans. Anyone moves, I reveal the missing word.”

As she reached him, he staggered and leant on her, seeming unusually old and frail.

The assembled Time Lords were silent, fuming and fearful.

“You’re so quick to draw conclusions, General. You say I was protecting you, refusing to tell you the Hybrid’s secret. I’m flattered. Question: What if I was just keeping hold of my trump card? Or, what if I was just waiting for the right time? Another question: how are you sure I wasn’t just lying?”

Even the General couldn’t maintain her cool at this. “What?”

“You’ve only got my word for it. I might know nothing about the Hybrid. What if back then I was just manipulating you to get a chance at saving Clara?”

“She might believe that, Doctor, but we saw everything in the confession dial. You weren’t sure it was us - we

analysed you to the last detail.”

Bill blinked, now a step behind the conversation. *Clara who?*

“Ooh. ‘Analysed’. I’m so impressed. Look at how impressed I am.”

“Doctor, what is your *point*? ”

“My point is that this secret is mine. Mine alone. I decide who needs to know it, and who doesn’t need to know it, and when, and where, and why. It’s not the place of you people, who’ve classed it an ‘infohazard’ without even knowing what it is. You’re not wrong, of course - for Time Lords, it’s such a hazardous piece of *info* that it would wipe our petty world clean out of the sky. But it is also *the truth*. And that’s something I will not allow you to control.”

Tensing with indignance, the General declared, “Controlling the truth is our job - our right as Time Lords.”

“And as with any job,” replied the Doctor with venom, “one day you’ll be made redundant. Until then, unseal these doors so Bill and I can leave this spaceship.”

As the TARDIS returned to the vortex, Bill nudged the Doctor. “So what’s this secret, then?”

“Bill, I--”

“Wait. It is a real secret, right? That wasn’t just the bluff of the year I witnessed back there?”

A weary grin formed on his face. “Of course it’s real. But the Time Lords have a lot more of a reason to worry about it than you do. There are truths that are so big you could never even try to wrap your head around them - but the ego of a Time Lord would be crushed in the effort.” He looks off to elsewhere in the room. “Their loss, eh?”

Bill is confused. It looks as though he’s talking to someone else. But no-one else is in there with them.

“Make no mistake, Bill. One day, the way of things on Gallifrey will be very, very different. It’s a planet long overdue another revolution.”

6. SECRET

A boy cowers in the dark. He is lost in hell. He has been running in circles, intermittently, for almost four days. Every turn round a brute iron corner, a mangled corpse in the wall, brings him back to where he was. There are things sliding along the floor around him. His every step through this labyrinth has been followed by things that slide silently. They have found him.

There is little light. Every surface of this chamber is draped in decay. Dead plants twine down from the ceiling onto old, still cobwebs. This is where the artifacts of time are hidden from view. Burying his face into the floor and curling up tightly, stinging tears draining onto the stone floor, he is convinced that this place will be his tomb. The unfairness bites at his sides. He thinks of the secret truth, and what it means now that he has been thus forsaken. Paleness at the edges of his vision indicates the sliding things.

They circle him.

There is a faint sound coming from the Sliders. It is the barely perceptible sound of sterile synthetic voices, like soulless people babbling streams of information. It grows louder as the circle tightens around him.

No-one has ever left this labyrinth. The boy ponders death, and worse things. He waits, as weeping starts to convulse through him in cathartic waves. Even though someone told him some time ago that his fear was strength, he cannot help but feel shame at this weakness. Refusing to let that be his final thought in this life, he brings his family back in front of his eyes, shutting the lids with furious effort. He pictures his world, the living world. His friend. His life. The comfort is bitter. He tells himself a story, one in which he is escaping and running free, one in which the secret that haunts him is lifted, one where death and time's sliding phantoms cannot reach him.

"Listen," say the Sliders.

His eyes open involuntarily. They want something of him; perhaps not his life. He jerkily unfolds his body, knowing he cannot avoid looking at the Sliders. He must face them. On his knees, he raises his head, face still wet and sore.

The headdressed ghosts stand above him, imperious, teacher-like.

One begins to slide forward. It wears a broken holographic display of a dead face, trapped halfway between emotions.

The boy rises to his feet, suddenly propelled by a feeling. The creatures he expected to kill him instead wish to interact. Perhaps the story has changed. He must live as if there is hope. Always a way out.

The Slider speaks to him.

"You will tell them," it utters in a dead voice.

"You will tell them all."

The secret.

But he can't tell.

He can't tell anyone.

He mustn't. Must never.

"I can't."

The Sliders do not move.

"You will."

He feels the tears returning. The fear.

They say it like a certainty.

But the secret will hurt people. Hurt everyone. End his world. Worse - invalidate it.

It can't end that way.

Why is this burden his to bear? Why is he, alone, this half-real thing?

"I don't understand."

The Sliders all begin to move. The circle tightens even more.

"You will."

They close in on the boy. Words begin to emanate from them, data spilt from the dreams of the deceased, rolling waves on all sides surrounding him. He doesn't want this. He doesn't want to understand. He wants it to be different. A different story altogether.

It's no longer death that terrifies him. It's fate.

The voices grow louder until they are deafening. "Listen."

His last resort. He casts his eyes to the sky, to the heavens, to elsewhere, to you. His eyes are pleading, pleading to the secret ones he's always known have been watching, listening, reading. Don't let this happen to me. This reality is fictional. Change it. Help me.

He receives no answer.

The Sliders, those slaughtered across Rassilon's reign, have dwelled in the Matrix - their own deathly, qlippothic possibility space - and divined the long forgotten truths. They will tell the boy everything. They will tell him about the Hybrid, why it came to exist, and what its destiny happens to be. Afterwards, they will tell him different things altogether, unimaginable things, their dreams of the return, of justice, of change, their dreams of the life beyond, and more. They will guide him through the labyrinth to an exit in a completely different part of the city to where he entered. Some (disputed) accounts will say that after this point, he seems permanently changed.

There seems to be a different look in his eye.

Every so often, he will seem to look carefully at something or someone only he is aware of, never expecting a response.

It will seem to others as if he has gained an assurance, a subconscious certainty, that no matter how life might play out, no matter how bad things get - there is a chance that he might be able to change the narrative. Almost...an assumption that he will succeed.

It is important to remember that all of these accounts are disputed, and may be conflating an assortment of unrelated and vague observations into a single, simplified narrative.

But as the centuries roll by, and the terrible secrets begin to add up to a litany, he will continue to protect the most dangerous, the one most likely to send the Time Lords - perhaps just them, perhaps others - into existential havoc. It could be that there will still come the day fated by the Sliders, when he will open the Lords' eyes as his have always been open. Perhaps on that day they will view their time machines anew as tools of Possibility, unleashing the web of time from the arc it is bound to, and sharing with him the great task of restoring Fiction. Perhaps they will instead destroy themselves, and each other, and everything, in a fiery ego death as their illusions of control dissipate.

Or it could be that he will continue to forestall the moment, enjoying his solitary life too much as he plunges through infinite stories, almost as if he is that first Master of the Fiction - but far better, inspired by the people he has met to become a positive force. It could be that on the final, rainy day, when all possibility is finally spent and a new universe needs to be born from the stories of the old, he will simply cheat the rules and open the heart of his TARDIS - where she has faithfully remembered every last adventure - and watch proudly, as she once more gives birth to everything.

Either way.

Until then, it's his and our secret.

And the next time he looks at you, you'll know why.

Final Chapter: The Decision Is Made

The Doctor sat in silence. After finishing my story, I thought he might scoff at it, or roll his eyes. Instead, he gave me an odd, almost scared look.

“How do you know that?” he said to me.

“I don’t know how I do. It’s just a story from my dreams,” I said.

“Dreams have great power. At least, I hope so,” said the War Doctor. He pulled his bandolier back onto his shoulder, and went to the door.

“What have you decided?” said my grandmother, appearing from upstairs.

“If you wake up tomorrow, and are still alive, then you will know. If you are not, you won’t be alive to notice. Thank you for your tales. They were disgusting, and frivolous, and taught me nothing,” said the Doctor, with a small grin on his face.

“All I wanted to do is show you the beauty of the universes you will be destroying,” said my grandmother.

The Doctor looked down at me, and said “You know, young lady, you remind me of myself when I was a young girl...hmm. And there are things you know, which you should not. Eh, probably a sequel hook.”

“Goodbye, Doctor,” said my grandmother.

“Goodbye,” said the Doctor. And then he left.

By then, it was late. My grandmother didn’t say much, just cleaned the dishes, and went to sleep.

It took me a long time to fall asleep. I was filled with dread that when I woke up, all I would see is the everlasting void, or hell, or wherever you went where you died. My grandma had been trying to stop the Doctor from doing something, and I wasn’t sure if we had stopped him.

Eventually I fell asleep.

Ending Note, and Thanks:

Thank you for reading!

Thanks to all the people who wrote stories.

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Thank you to /who/ for being the horrible, horrifying, wondrous, shitty, and wonderful place it is.

AN UNFINISHED GLOSSARY

2nd Editor's note: This would have had more entries, but the first editor went insane before he could finish it. Maybe they will be more glossary entries in the next volume.

Anon: The name for someone who doesn't use an identifying trip code. In theory, no one should know who anyone is on 4chan, when they aren't using a trip. In practice, we know it's you, cats.

Doctor Who: Some crappy sci fi show

4chan: The famous hacker

recursion: see "self-iteration"

/who/: A group of totally awesome dudes and dudettes

The Doctor: A wizard who lives in a magical police box, and has a serious fetish for helping people, and silver phallic objects

Some old Scot Ass: could refer to either Moffat or Capaldi

Some awesome Scot dude: could refer to either Moffat or Capaldi

self-iteration: see "recursion"

Companions: Hobos who live in the Doctor's house rent-free

As a reward for reading (or skipping) this far, here's a bonus story. The last one of this volume.

Virus: Annihilation

By Chris

A story with Clara Oswald.

Clara kills a giant, shiny robot with an anti-gravity gun, thus stopping a Y2k virus and saving us all.

